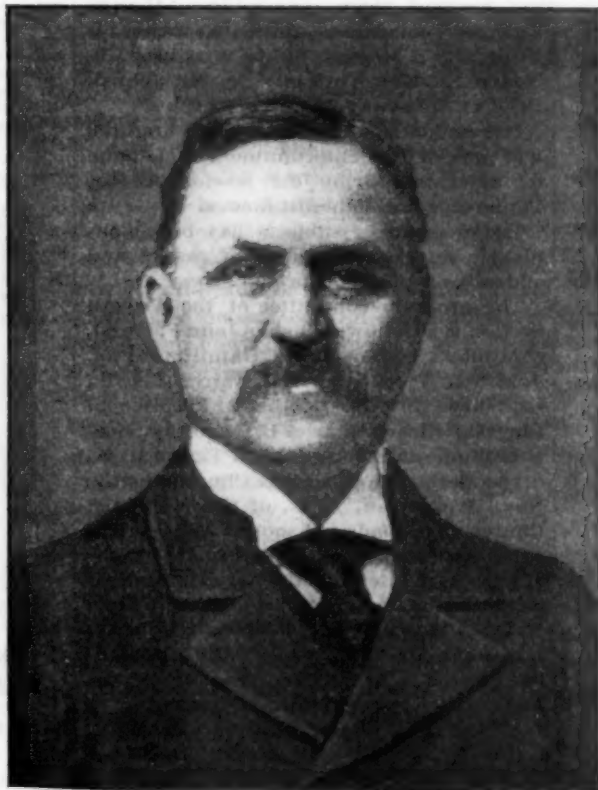
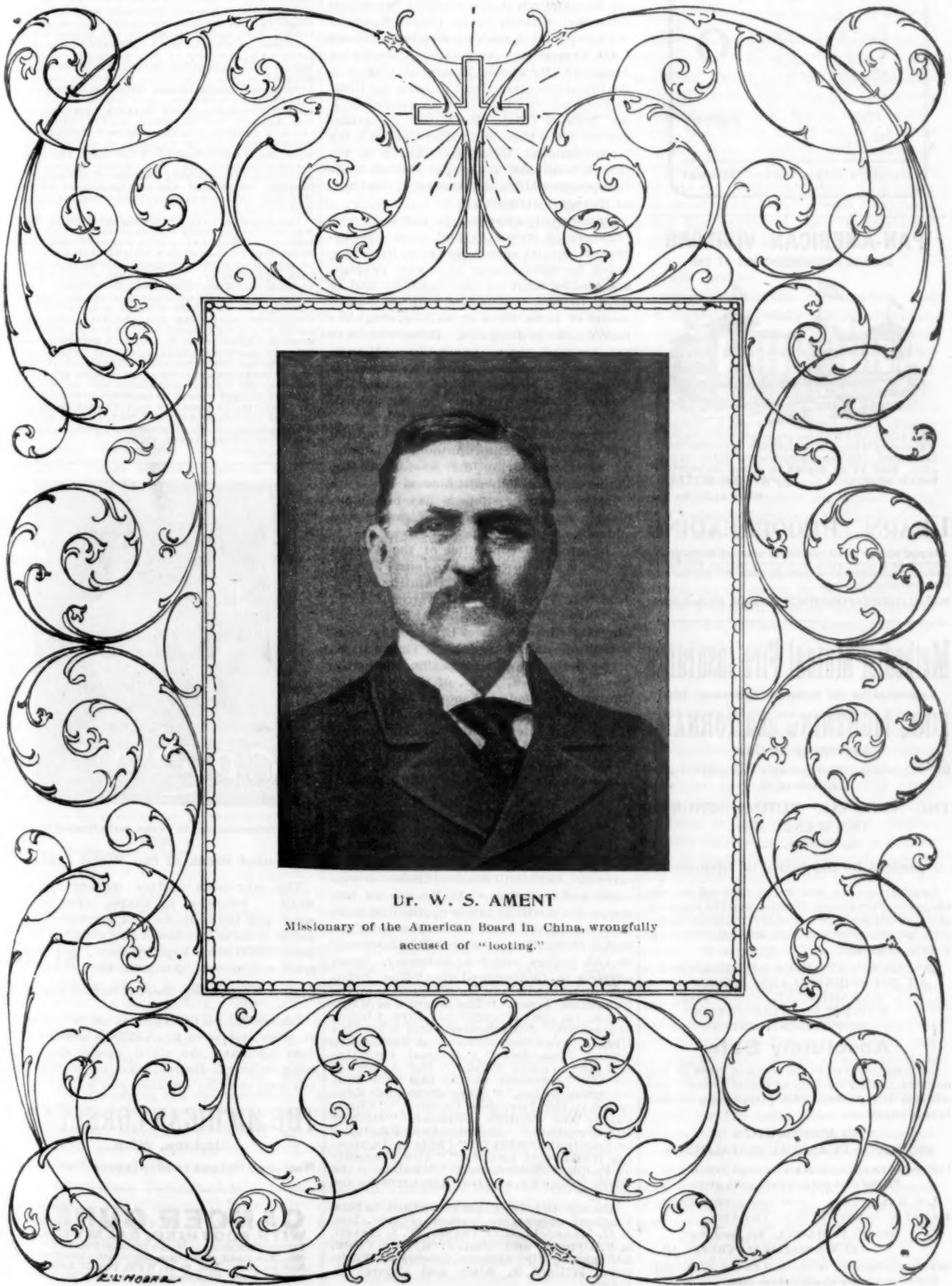


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# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1901



Dr. W. S. AMENT

Missionary of the American Board in China, wrongfully  
accused of "looting."

E. L. MORRIS

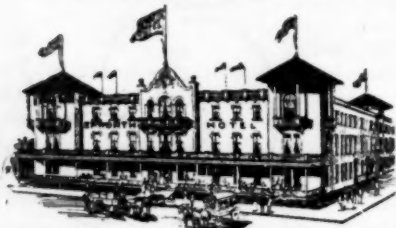
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oatmeal  
is bitter—



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is  
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HENRY C. JENNINGS, D. D., Vice Pres.

HENRY P. MAGILL, Sec. and Mgr.  
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### Ecumenical Methodist Conference

THE Conference is to meet in Wesley Chapel, London, Sept. 4-17, 1901. It will consist of 500 delegates, of whom 300 are assigned to the Western and 200 to the Eastern Section. Of the 300 assigned to the Western Section, the Methodist Episcopal Church has 129, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 70, the Methodist Church of Canada 24, the African Methodist Episcopal Church 18, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church 15, the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church 9, the United Brethren in Christ 9, the American Wesleyan Church 4, the Evangelical Association 3, the Union American Methodist Episcopal Church 3, the Primitive Methodist Church 2, the United Brethren in Christ (Old Constitution) 1, the African Union Methodist Protestant Church 1, the Free Methodist Church 1, the Congregational Methodist Church 1, the British Methodist Episcopal Church 1, the Independent Methodist Church 1, the United Evangelical Church 1.

Delegates are expected to pay their own expenses of travel to and from London. Several tourist agents, however, have provided for special rates of ocean passage, and also for tours on the Continent and in Great Britain. Circulars, with announcements of rates, dates of sailing, etc., have been mailed to delegates. Those who have not received them may address Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons, 261 Broadway, New York city; Messrs. Baker & Gibson, 93 Nassau St., New York city; or Mr. John J. Ross, 11 Broadway, New York city.

It is understood that the British brethren will provide free entertainment in London for delegates, during the sessions of the Conference, in Methodist homes.

The program of subjects has been completed, but the assignment of essays and addresses is not yet complete.

The program committee of the Western Section is as follows: Bishop John F. Hurst, chairman; Bishop J. W. Hamilton, Prof. J. M. Van Vleck, and H. K. Carroll, LL. D., secretary, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishop Charles B. Galloway, vice-chairman, and Rev. John J. Tigert, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Rev. A. Carman, D. D., of the Methodist Church of Canada; Bishop W. B. Derrick, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishop A. Walters, of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; Rev. F. T. Tagg, D. D., of the Methodist Protestant Church; Rev. John Mason, of the Primitive Methodist Church; Mr. F. W. Tunnell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, treasurer.

At the first session, Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will preach the Conference sermon. Later will come addresses of welcome, and responses. On the second day, the program will be taken up, the first topic to be considered being "The Present Position of Methodism," which will be discussed in two papers and four addresses. Other subjects to be discussed are: "The Influence of Methodism in the Promotion of International Peace," "The Relation of Methodism to the Evangelical Free Church Movement," "Methodism and Christian Unity," "Interdenominational Fellowship among Methodists," "Biblical Criticism and the Christian Faith," "The Appeal of the Old Testament to the Life and Conscience of Today," "Methodism and Education in the Twentieth Century," "Christianity and Modern Unbelief," "Modern Indifferentism," "Is Methodism Retaining its Spiritual Vitality?" "Perils of Increasing Wealth and Luxury," "The Elements of Pulpit Effectiveness," "Missions—the Work Before Us, and Our Resources for the Work."

Among the delegates accredited to New England appear the names of Rev. Drs. J. H. Mansfield, E. O. Thayer, W. I. Haven, S. F. Upham, and Prof. J. M. Van Vleck, and among the laymen, George F. Washburn, Willard S. Allen and Charles R. Magee.

### Epworth League Tour

30-Day Trip to the Pacific Coast \$188.50.

Under the Personally Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad and accompanied by a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, on July 8 a special train of the latest pattern Pullman Sleeping, Dining and Observation Cars (the latter a counterpart of that used on the famous Pennsylvania Limited) will leave New York for San Francisco and points on the Pacific coast. Stops will be made at all the important points for rest and sight-seeing, among them being Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs (with a daylight ride through the Rocky Mountains, including the Royal Gorge and Grand Canon of the Arkansas), and at Salt Lake City, arriving at San Francisco July 16, before the Convention opens. Six days will be allotted to San Francisco, for which time no hotel accommodations or other features will be included in the tickets. Leaving San Francisco July 22, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Jose and Los Angeles will be visited, all traveling over the new Coast Line of the Southern Pacific Company being done by daylight, in order to view what is acknowledged to be the most attractive scenery in California. After a stop of two days will come the crowning feature of the tour, the journey homeward via the Canadian Pacific Railway through the unrivaled mountains of British Columbia.

The schedule over the Canadian Pacific Railway will be prepared with especial care, and the train side-tracked at nights where necessary, in order that no part of this delightful feature may be missed by night traveling. This in itself is a rare opportunity. In addition stops will be made at Banff Hot Springs and St. Paul.

The total rate for entire trip outlined above, covering all expenses (except the stay in San Francisco) including one double berth, all meals in dining car, etc., will be \$188.50; two persons in a berth, each \$168.50, with proportionate rates for passengers desiring to visit Yellowstone Park, or the Pan-American Exposition returning. Diagrams are now open, and as the number who can be accommodated will be strictly limited, names should be registered immediately. Descriptive booklets will shortly be issued and can be obtained of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington St., Boston; or Geo. W. Boyd, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Phil.



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# Zion's Herald

Volume LXXIX

Boston, Wednesday, May 15, 1901

Number 20

## Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

### "New" Australia

After years of factional disturbances, the six colonies of Australia have formed a confederation, which, in some respects, resembles the federal government of the United States. The new parliament, which was opened last Thursday, consists of a senate and a house. The senators are elected for six years, and the representatives for three. Each senator and representative has a salary of \$2,000 per year. Government ownership of telegraphs, telephones, postal service, railroads and other public utilities, is provided for in the federal constitution. The government also has the right to legislate as to invalid and old-age pensions, to pass conciliation and arbitration laws, and to deal with banking and insurance. The population is about four millions, and the area of the continent is twenty-six times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, fifteen times the size of France, and only one-fifth smaller than Europe. The people are industrious and progressive, and the new union of interests will hasten growth in all lines. Already American manufacturers have obtained a foothold and are selling agricultural implements, tools, bicycles, axes, saws, etc. The development of "New" Australia will be coincident with the opening up of the Orient.

### Southern Political Revolution

Senator John L. McLaurin, of South Carolina, is the leader of a political movement in the South that is causing a commotion in the camps of the old-line Democracy. Although a Democrat, he advocates protection and expansion because such a policy is, in his opinion, beneficial to the entire South. The obvious trend of the movement is the formation of a white Republican Party consisting largely of men who have stayed in the Democratic ranks because of the Negro. In discussing the new movement editorially, the *Richmond Times* states the situation succinctly: "There are many white men all through the South who believe in the principles and policies of the Republican Party, and who have been kept in the Democratic Party only by fear of Negro rule. This fear has been in a number of States removed, and steps are being taken in other Southern States to put it out of the way; and when

that shall have been accomplished these men will shake off the party yoke and will go where their political inclinations lead them." It appears that far-seeing leaders are laboring to secure the enactment of election laws restricting the right of franchise to voters who are able to read, with the full knowledge that many whites will be affected as well as Negroes. The expectation is that such action will force both voters and party leaders to take an interest in education and co-operate in the removal of the ban of illiteracy. Perhaps the most hopeful feature of this political movement is that it seems thus far to be entirely in the hands of intelligent and liberal-minded Democrats.

### Anti-Tammany Forces Organizing

The anti-Tammany movement in New York city is rapidly taking form, and it is evident that an extraordinary effort will be made to uproot the rule of vice at the approaching city election. Fifty Republican clubs have formed a federation and adopted a strong anti-Tammany platform. The reform Democrats and German Republicans have also taken action against the present corrupt city administration, and now the problem will be to unite all of the diverse anti-Tammany organizations. Thousands of decent citizens of New York of all parties earnestly hope that a satisfactory basis of union will be found soon, so they can begin work without delay.

### Analysis of the "Mighty Atom"

Prof. J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge University, one of England's foremost physicists and mathematicians, has made an important scientific discovery that threatens to undermine belief in the immutability of the "mighty atom," which has long been regarded as the indivisible unit of matter. Although chemistry has not been able to break up an atom, it seems that what chemistry has not been able to do electricity has accomplished with comparative ease. In his experiments Prof. Thomson discovered that the cathode rays, together with the peculiar emanations from uranium, polonium, and radium, consist of particles of matter having but one-thousandth the mass of an atom of hydrogen. A theory has been evolved. It is that what has all this time been treated as the indivisible atom is composed of a constellation of these smaller particles, which have been named "corpuscles." What these corpuscles are, is the question that is puzzling the scientific men of England. Some call them "disembodied charges of electricity." The theory has been pushed a little further, and the investigation is being pursued on the hypothesis that what is called the "atom" is composed of interlocked negative and

positive atoms of electricity known scientifically as "electrons." This would mean that electricity is the base of all material substance. If the electrical elements of a given amount of matter could be separated, the matter would vanish, and in its place there would be two enormous charges of electricity. This theory, however, has not been established. It is being used merely as a working basis for investigating the nature of the "corpuscles" composing the atom.

### Machinery Combine

Another important combination has been formed. This time it is the manufacturers of heavy engines, mining and other machinery. The capitalization is fifty millions of dollars, divided into equal amounts of common and preferred stock. Four different concerns were absorbed: Edward P. Allis Co., Milwaukee; Fraser & Chalmers, Chicago; Gates Iron Works, Chicago; and the Dickson Manufacturing Co., Scranton, Pa. The new concern, which has taken the name of the Allis-Chalmers Company, will control the trade of the world in the kinds of machinery it will manufacture. Sub-division of different classes of work entering into a contract can be made so advantageously that no European firm or combination of firms can bid successfully against the machinery trust.

### Tariff Revision

A few years ago it would have been considered rank political heresy for a Republican to have suggested "tariff tinkering," but a marked change seems to have taken place within the last six months. The disposition to think favorably of tariff revision began with the introduction of a resolution in the last Congress by Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin (a Republican), to place the manufactured products of iron and steel on the free list. No action was taken. Mr. Babcock expects to press the matter at the next session. Meanwhile a more favorable sentiment is steadily developing. The willingness to even consider the remote possibility of tariff revision is due largely to two causes. One is that the protected industries of the United States have become so strong that they have invaded foreign markets and are rapidly gaining the ascendancy over English producers. As the tariff was designed principally as a means of defence against foreign competition in the home market, and it appears that American industries have developed enough strength to take care of themselves, there would seem to be less need of so much protection of home industries. The second reason is that all Europe is accusing the United States of unfairness in insisting upon an "open door" in China and elsewhere, and at the same time keeping the home doors

tightly closed. The New York *Sun* publishes a cablegram from London in which it is declared: "Germany has invited Austria, France, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, and possibly Russia and Italy, to combine in a gigantic commercial union with the object of excluding American competition until the American duties are lowered." Some sagacious statesmen are of the opinion that American commercial supremacy in foreign countries can be maintained only by a reduced tariff on certain commodities of foreign manufacture which, in a measure, would compensate foreign manufacturers for the injury caused by the invasion of American-made articles. American iron and steel products are increasing in popularity in all parts of the world. May it not be that American manufacturers have acquired such skill and resources that they need not fear either open doors at home or shrink from international competition?

#### Microbes in the Human Body

Dr. Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, an unsurpassed authority, in a recent lecture in Manchester, Eng., gave what appears to be the very latest information on the subject of microbes in the human body. According to his representations, they appear from ten to seventeen hours after birth and exist in the body until death. They seem to prefer to live in the digestive system, although they are found in capillary follicles and the deep recesses of the respiratory passages. In a healthy body there are between sixty and seventy different kinds of microbes, thirty of which inhabit the mouth. As disagreeable as the thought of microbes may be, they have their uses. They are especially helpful in healing wounds of the mucuous membrane in any part of the body. The large colony in the mouth is credited with hastening the healing of injuries. It is only when the state of the health is low that microbes are liable to be harmful. A healthy person need not fear them or be disturbed by the thought of their existence.

#### Germans in South America

The State Department at Washington has noted that 240,000 German colonists have settled in Brazil, and that the number is constantly increasing. They are prosperous, and seem to be contented with their new home. This fact, together with other information gathered by the Bureau of American Republics, has led to a government suspicion that German colonies and German commercial enterprise in South America will endanger the stability of the "Munroe Doctrine." It is contended, however, that the German government is not encouraging this movement. The authorities there much prefer that the German youths stay at home and fill up the army and industrial establishments of the Fatherland, instead of helping to build up a foreign country. Interest in this subject is intensified when it is remembered that North American capitalists are steadily cultivating commercial relations with the South American States, and that a direct steamship line between North and South America is in process of formation. The trade between the two countries is already large and is con-

stantly increasing. In the end it may be helpful to North American commerce to have Brazil well settled by thrifty German farmers.

#### "Anti-Treat" Combine

Thirty-five political candidates engaged in a campaign in Berks County, Pa., have formed an "anti-treat" combine, which greatly displeases the liquor-dealers. Heretofore a beer bill of \$10,000 for a leading candidate was not uncommon. Now there is no beer, no whiskey—in fact, nothing at all in the way of treats for votes. A part of the compact is that any violation on the part of any candidate will result in throwing his name off the ticket entirely. For the first time the campaign is very "dry" in place of being very "wet," as has been the case heretofore. Instead of meeting the voters at the country taverns, the office-hunters now seek them in the fields, at the barn, in the home, or wherever they can be found. No more liquor is sent out by the wagon-load on Saturday for Sunday drinking. Severe inroads have been made upon the business of the suburban landlords by this very commendable "anti-treat" combine.

#### Making of a Cardinal

On Wednesday of last week, in the Catholic cathedral at Baltimore and in the presence of distinguished members of the Roman hierarchy, the second step was taken in the elevation of Sebastian Martinelli, titular archbishop of Ephesus and apostolic delegate to the United States, to the high rank of Cardinal. The ceremony began with a procession, headed by a crucifix borne aloft, the bearer attended by two boys in surplice and cassock. Then came the delegations from the religious orders of Washington and Baltimore, the faculties and students of the Catholic University, seminarians, priests, monks and abbots. There were also fifty bishops and a score of archbishops, dressed in gold and purple garments. Boys in red cassocks and surplices of white lace held up the trains of the bishops from contact with the street. Last of all came Cardinal Gibbons in the full robes of his office. Letters of authority from the Pope were read; the beretta, or three-cornered hat, was placed on the candidate's head by Cardinal Gibbons, and the new cardinal was invested with the official cloak. After mass an address was made by Archbishop Ireland, and a sermon was preached by Archbishop Ryan. The last step in the making of this Cardinal will be taken when the Pope himself places the red hat upon his head in Rome next month.

#### Active Pension Sharks

San Francisco is swarming with pension agents from New York, Washington, and other parts of the country, who are eager to do business with the soldiers returning from the Philippines. Much hard work will be required to prevent an enlargement of the pension rolls. Commissioner Evans has stationed special agents in San Francisco, who keep him fully informed as to the operations of the pension solicitors. The moment the soldiers land they are assailed by representatives of the pension attorneys and are fol-

lowed everywhere until they either make application or absolutely refuse. It is stated that, owing to the dishonorable methods in vogue, the Commissioner of Pensions may bring disbarment proceedings against some of the well-known attorneys who are active in San Francisco.

#### Gorman's Political Boomerang

The Gorman disfranchising election law for Maryland proved to be a political boomerang in the municipal election in Baltimore last week. It was enacted to insure Democratic success, which in the end, according to the opinion of observing statesmen, meant the election of Gorman to the United States Senate. The evident purpose of the measure so incensed the Republicans and a respectable faction of the Democratic Party that a Republican victory was the result. The first branch of the council now consists of eighteen Republicans and four Democrats, and the second branch of four Republicans and five Democrats. Hundreds of illiterates, both white and colored, did not attempt to vote. Negroes who had been carefully drilled to distinguish between "Democrat" and "Republican" on the tickets managed to vote correctly. In the wards where the Negroes were numerous they were furnished, by the Republicans, with a rule made of paper the length of the ballot on which spaces were marked indicating the position on the ticket of the Republican candidates. United States Senator McComas wired President McKinley that the result was the condemnation by the citizens of Baltimore of the Gorman disfranchising law, and a victory for decent government.

#### Panic in the New York Stock Market

A disastrous panic swept the New York stock exchange last Thursday, resulting in direct losses aggregating ten millions of dollars. It was a struggle between rival railroad combinations for the control of the Northern Pacific road. One side was represented by E. H. Harriman and George Gould, who are interested in the consolidation of roads in the Middle West and Southwest, while the opposition was headed by J. J. Hill and J. P. Morgan, who are promoting a fusion of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road with the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads. Harriman and Gould sought to weaken the advantage over them that would be gained by such an arrangement by buying up enough Northern Pacific shares to give them the control of that road. In the contest the price of Northern Pacific stock was forced from \$170 per share to \$1,000 cash, at which price 300 shares were sold. Speculators who were "short" in Northern Pacific shares were frightened by the rapid rise of that stock, and began offering other securities for sale. The offerings were so sudden and extensive that prices were soon demoralized. Fortunes shriveled into nothing. After several hours of intense struggle and excitement, the equilibrium of the market was restored by the timely loan of twenty million of dollars by the New York banks and an agreement among the purchasers of Northern Pacific shares not to demand delivery. The panic affected the leading money centres of the world, but did no



serious damage outside of New York. The control of the Northern Pacific is claimed by both contestants. It will probably be some time before the question is satisfactorily determined. The saddest feature of the panic is the irreparable loss suffered by women, children, and other dependents who had their money invested in stocks.

#### Relief of Jacksonville

Excellent work is being done. A system of identification cards makes imposition difficult. About twelve thousand persons are being fed daily by the public commissary. In addition to the relief afforded by the general committees, much is being accomplished by the Ladies' Auxiliary Association. Attention is being given to the sanitary needs of the many Negro camps in the suburbs, to prevent any outbreak of disease. The streets have been cleaned, and twenty-five or thirty temporary business buildings have been erected. Insurance claims are being paid off promptly. The announcement has been made that a leading capitalist has offered to loan \$2,000,000 to the citizens of Jacksonville for rebuilding purposes at two per cent. interest. A big Philadelphia insurance company has directed its financial agent at Jacksonville to loan any amount upon good business and residential portions for rebuilding.

#### Disintegration of Afghanistan

Colonel Hungerford Holdich, a British military and political expert, declares that the disintegration of Afghanistan has already set in, and that the partition of that country is sure to come at no late date, with Hindu Kush as the Anglo-Russian boundary. An important class of Afghan politicians only await the death of Abdurrahman to promote an internal uprising which might be the beginning of the end. In such an event Afghanistan would no longer serve as a buffer State between Russia and India. English statesmen are watching developments very critically.

#### Opposition to Catholic Rule

Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne of Austria, has caused a great sensation. A short time ago he assumed the protectorate over the Austrian Catholic School Association, the largest political organization of clericals in Austria. This is interpreted as a manifestation of staunch Catholicism on the part of the Archduke, and has greatly pleased the Pope. Protestants of Austria have demanded an explanation. The Premier, Herr Koerber, disclaims any knowledge of the matter, and says the act of the Archduke must be regarded as purely personal. Opposition to Catholic rule is intense in Germany as well as in Austria.

#### Hawaiian Legislature

Governor Dole is having a merry time with the Hawaiian Legislature. All sorts of freak legislative measures were introduced during the late session and consumed about all of the time. The only bill passed by the home rule party was an inconsiderate measure relating to county government, which the Governor promptly vetoed. The last act of the House was to

pass a concurrent resolution asking President McKinley to remove President Dole. The charge against him is that he has hindered the work of the legislature by his hostility. They are especially clamorous for an extra session in which to transact the business which they failed to accomplish in the regular session. The Governor gave as his reason for not calling the extra session that bribery was taking place. Judge Humphreys is about to call a special grand jury to investigate the charges of bribery. The Governor at last issued a proclamation for a special session, beginning May 8, to consider appropriation bills.

#### Getting Ahead of the Canal

While the Nicaragua and Panama canal projects are being discussed, it has been discovered that a wealthy English firm is at work on a railroad connecting the two oceans that will affect the monopoly of the canal when it is constructed. The road crosses the narrowest part of Mexico from Salina Crux to Coazacoalcos; is 192 miles long, and will cost \$25,000,000. Two thousand men are at work on it now under the personal direction of Sir Weetman Pearson. Harbors capable of affording anchorage for large vessels at each end will be built, and freight will be carried from ocean to ocean within twelve hours at a cost not to exceed \$5 per ton. The Japanese have already arranged to establish a line of steamers connecting with this road. It is estimated that the enterprise will be completed within three years.

#### Eclipse of the Sun

On Friday of this week occurs an eclipse of the sun, extended mention of which has already been made in these columns. It will be visible over a portion of the Eastern Hemisphere. As the path of the shadow cast by the moon will cross the island of Sumatra in the East Indies, distinguished scientists from the United States, England and Holland have gathered on that island, and are prepared to make a great variety of important observations. The eclipse will last five minutes and fifty-one seconds at the point chosen. The results will depend entirely upon the condition of the weather. A clear day means success, a cloudy day failure.

#### Reforms Needed in Persia

According to Eteocle Lorini, who is considered an authority, the most urgently needed reforms in Persia are the establishment of a regular system of taxation, a law to enable foreigners to own property in the kingdom, and the limitation of the powers of the provincial governors. In the opinion of Prof. Lorini the Shah and his two most intimate advisers favor these reforms. Both advisers have come into very close contact with European ideas of civilization. Of course there is a conservative party that opposes this tendency, but Prof. Lorini thinks a liberal régime may shortly be expected in Persia.

#### Libel against King Edward

An attack upon King Edward by *The Irish People*, a weekly journal published in Cork, caused the English Government

to suppress the paper, and thereby aroused a storm in the House of Commons. The action of the ministry has given the Irish and Radical members of Parliament a coveted opportunity to lecture the cabinet ministers on the liberty of the press, and has brought the article to the attention of millions who otherwise would not have known of it. It will also intensify feeling in Ireland against England, and in the end do more harm to the King than if the article had been allowed to pass unnoticed.

#### Outlook in France

In view of the opening of the French Assembly, which will occur on Friday of this week, much is being said about proposed policies and measures. M. Meline declares that a revolution is inevitable unless the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry is turned out. M. Millerand insists that the only way in which to prevent a revolution is the introduction by the cabinet of his bill creating a pension system for aged or disabled workingmen and women. The existing strikes are looked upon as the precursors of a disastrous social upheaval, which will overturn the present industrial organization. The outlook seems to be quite discouraging.

#### Events Worth Noting

Louis Cassier expects to bring a delegation of English mechanics to the United States in about eight weeks, and let them see how the big manufacturing plants make things for the world.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction, in session at Washington last week, appointed a committee to bring to the attention of Congress the need of a federal bureau to deal with matters coming under the purview of the Conference.

As we go to press the Presidential party is at San Francisco. The reception in Arizona and Southern California was generous and enthusiastic. Owing to the indisposition of Mrs. McKinley caused by the strain of the journey, it may be necessary to make important changes in the itinerary.

The government of Turkey objects to the maintenance of private postal systems in that country by foreign governments. Great Britain, France and Austria are among the chief offenders. Turkey's complaint is that dutiable articles are smuggled into that country through the private post-offices.

Governors of the various States have been invited to appoint delegates to a conference on taxation to be held at Buffalo next week, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation. Tax commissioners and members of legislative committees on taxation are expected to participate in the conference.

The National Association of Machinists threatens to order a strike affecting 600,000 men next Monday, in order to enforce a demand for a working day of nine hours and an advance of 12½ per cent. in wages. Some of the employers have shown a disposition to meet the demands, and it may be that a strike will be averted.

Prof. E. F. Nichols, of Dartmouth College, is credited with having constructed an instrument by which the heat sent out by the fixed stars can be measured. The experiments were conducted in Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago. Further experiments will determine the bearings of these first measurements of stellar heat upon the life history of the stars.

### THE TRANSFORMING FAITH

THERE are certain phenomena associated with religious faith that the modern gnostics, the knowers, the investigators—who assume to know, philosophically and scientifically, all that is worth knowing—cannot, in accordance with their own intellectual creed, ignore. The materialists, the positivists, and all thinkers of kindred schools, are obliged to admit that there are certain almost universal and invariable effects produced in men by religious faith, and particularly by Christian faith, that are entitled to be classed as veritable phenomena, and therefore, according to science, capable of rendering testimony.

One of the most striking and significant of these phenomena is the unexplained power by which Christianity transmutes certain experiences of life into something so different from the original interpretation of them by men, that the change is practically equivalent to the blending and harmonizing of opposites. How does this radical and striking transformation come about? That is the question the naturalists and the positivists are forced to confront and answer in one way or another. How could the naturalist ignore in his own domain, for instance, such a phenomenon as the changing of an intense physical pain into a physical delight? If such a thing should happen within his knowledge, not once, nor twice, nor a dozen times, but a thousand times, would he not feel unavoidably challenged to seek the cause, and seek until he had found it and named it and admitted it into his philosophy?

Now, in the psychical part of our nature, this is precisely what Christianity is doing, over and over again, in thousands upon thousands of human lives—changing unlikes into likes, changing opposites into identities, changing contradictions into harmonies. Because this transformation takes place in the realm of spirit, is that any reason why it should be ignored? Do not the results thus achieved have a strong molding influence upon the most practical life of the individual, changing, oftentimes, his whole outward walk and behavior? What glaring unfairness it would be to refuse to take account, for example, of something that had suddenly converted a drunkard into a clean, temperate, God-fearing, reliable citizen. You might as reasonably ignore the transitions of the seasons as ignore a transition like this. The result is so positive, so vital, so tremendous, that no conscientious scientist can afford to disregard it. So, also, when Christian faith converts spiritual—or, if you wish to be purely scientific in terms, psychical—pain into peace, sorrow into joy, rebellion into resignation, despair into hope, and does it tens of thousands of times, in tens of thousands of visible, knowable human lives, lives that may be studied and interrogated, how is it possible for any investigator worthy of the name to deliberately ignore such phenomena, discredit their genuineness, or deny their value as testimony?

This marvelous transforming power of Christianity must be reckoned with. It is a tremendous fact. What is its value as testimony? What does it signify? What lies back of it? These are questions that

any science deserving the name must face, and, in so far as it can, fully and unequivocally answer. The time has passed when science can afford to sneer at or disclaim psychical evidence of any sort. The realm of knowledge is ever widening and deepening. The larger science, the new science, is rapidly erasing all boundary lines and venturing freely into all realms. Surely, it would seem as if the time had now come when we might fairly and legitimately press home the question: "Men of science, what think ye of the Christ?"

### A LIVING GOSPEL

A PULPIT that is devoted exclusively, persistently, lovingly and enthusiastically to a fresh presentation of spiritual truth, will not lack for hearers. Sensational topics are like narcotics. They create an unnatural thirst which can never be satisfied. It is a sad mistake, and one that is being steadily pressed upon the ministry, to act upon the theory that genuine spiritual results can be obtained in a congregation attracted by purely worldly or secular subjects. The motive of many preachers who attempt this sort of thing is to "get the crowd;" then, after touching the theme for a few moments, they preach an evangelistic sermon, or one that possesses enough evangelism to make it pass for a sermon.

We respect the desire of such preachers to reach and save the people, but we believe the topical method, as it is usually "abused" for drawing purposes, defeats the supreme object of the gospel service. The reason is largely psychological. A person who has been attracted by the announcement that a certain preacher will discuss "Marriage and Divorce," goes with the expectation of hearing that and nothing else. If the minister talks ten minutes on that theme, and then gradually glides into a stereotyped form of presenting the "old, old story," the hearer feels that he has been cheated. He is then in a state of mind utterly at variance with that of the speaker, which makes it much harder for him to be affected by the "gospel" thus presented. Imagine a pastor trying to reach the hearts of several hundred people who are in a state of mild resentment! After all, is not the whole practice of sermon announcements a detriment rather than a help? A preacher ought to be bigger than his subject. That is, the mere fact that a certain man will preach ought to attract more people than any special topic he might announce. He ought, also, to be larger than the choir.

These suggestions touch a vital spot in the usefulness and power of the pulpit. That vital spot is the subtle feeling manifested in a variety of ways that "the Gospel is getting old; the people want something new." If the kingdom of God is to come on this earth, it must be done by and through this same "old Gospel." It is true that the form in which it is clothed has much to do with its reception. Preachers as well as lawyers and doctors have inherited a certain assortment of ideas expressed in terms more or less stereotyped. The tendency is to cling to the ancient forms because in some superstitious way they are esteemed to be a part of the revelation which it would be heresy to discard.

Spiritual truth is often so dulled by hackneyed terms and cant expressions that it carries about as much impression to the hearer as does the parrot which repeats the phrases it has learned. But when the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith are interpreted vigorously in terms of everyday life and in harmony with the common experiences of the people, they take hold of human hearts and move them toward God. The truths of revelation, made luminous by study, prayer and meditation, clarified by a yearning sympathy for men in their struggles, failures, hopes, disappointments, and successes, and made a living force by being preached in living terms, constitute the greatest continuous "drawing power" on earth.

It is a hopeful indication that preachers in almost all the denominations are beginning to recognize the emptiness of strictly sensational preaching. Some have actually given up their reliance upon operatic singing and stereopticons, and with hearts and minds aflame with a new and better purpose are confining themselves to genuine gospel truth and work. Others are thinking seriously along these practical lines, and will ere long discover a better way to present Jesus Christ to living and hungry men. It will be a great day for the church when all the preachers catch the inspiration of this conception of the ministerial office, and take their true places as "prophets of a living Gospel for living men."

### Denies Charges of Gross Immorality

WE have been greatly distressed by reports, persistently published, to the effect that the commanding officers of the United States Army in Manila either winked at or authorized the practice of gross immoralities in that city. We are now relieved by a direct reply to these charges from General MacArthur to the War Department, which has been made public. This reply we are bound to believe, and it shows that some apocryphal reporting has been done by somebody. General MacArthur would not be as specific and outspoken in his denials if the general facts did not justify what he says. Replying to the allegations of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union concerning the attitude of the United States Army towards immorality in Manila, he says:

"It is quite apparent that the writers of these letters have not only been misled as to the facts upon which they comment, but have signally failed to take into proper consideration the disturbed conditions incident to military occupation and the state of war here prevailing. It is further evident that they have very imperfect information of general conditions in the Orient, without a knowledge of which an intelligent judgment upon the questions discussed can scarcely be formed.

"I am convinced that the city of Manila may today challenge a comparison as to its moral and orderly condition with any city of the United States. This condition is the more remarkable in view of the general lack of moral tone pervading the seaports of the East; the fact that the government of the Philippines, since the American occupation, has been necessarily one of emergency; that Manila is the headquarters of an army of 65,000 men, the city



through which this army must come and go, and that these many thousands of men are in the prime of life and are remotely removed from the restraining influences that might be exercised over them by their home surroundings."

General MacArthur's reply to the specific charges that he has licensed and encouraged disorderly houses is that he has done nothing of the kind; that fallen women are not licensed, nor are they permitted to land in the Philippines, and that many of them have been deported from the islands.

### There and Here

LENORA BECK ELLIS, in a contribution in the May *Forum* upon "A New Class of Labor in the South," puts in striking contrast some conditions found there which no longer exist here. She first calls attention to the painful fact that as yet the South has passed no laws against child labor or for compulsory education. Here such beneficent statutory enactments have been in existence for nearly a half-century. What other inference is possible than that the South is strangely lacking in the humanitarian and Christian impulses and convictions that fruit in such legislation?

Incidentally the writer notes the phenomenal growth in Southern cotton mills. Twenty years ago there were only 667,000 spindles at work in all the cotton States; today the manufacturing records concede us 7,000,000 spindles in actual operation and another 1,500,000 planned for. The looms have more than kept pace with the spindles. The great aggregate of workers in the mills has grown in a score of years from a scant 20,000, all told, to a quarter of a million beings, representing four times that number depending upon the fruits of their labors. Who these workers are, with a prophecy of the marked transformation that is to take place in them, appears from this statement:

"The operatives in the new Southern factories, which means nine-tenths of the factories in the South, are all white, and they have come from the tenant farm, the cotton field, the hill-side corn patch, and the mountain hut. A strictly agricultural or pastoral people by the practice and traditions of many generations, they have been suddenly converted into a manufacturing population."

The ignorance of these white people is what astounds us here. We have been led to suppose that in the main the Negro represents illiteracy in the South, but not according to the unquestioned figures of this writer. She says:

"They are an illiterate people, these operatives. Only 82.8 per cent. of the adult workers in the factories of North Carolina can read and write, and the showing is much worse in Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi. How could it be otherwise when they had no schools, or only the 'three-months' county schools, in the past?"

The aspiration of this people, however, for something higher and better, is significantly expressed in the following paragraph from the author's experience:

"Our village is the best I've been in," said a widow to me at the Erwin Mills, North Carolina. "I hated to change so

many times before, but I had to; I couldn't abear fur my gals to grow up in bad company. Now I hain't going to move no more, fur the young folks here is modest an' quiet, an' we've got ez good schools ez is in the land, an' the best Sunday-school an' church you ever could find. Mr. Erwin is superintendent of our Sunday-school his own self."

### Compulsory Orthodoxy

THAT civic and religious life of the highest order is possible only where religious freedom prevails, is a fact which many good people need to learn afresh. The best types of political and religious life are seen in the United States and England, and the poorest in Russia, where religious liberty is prohibited. The conditions in Russia are brought out with great force in a contribution which appears in the *International Monthly* for April on "The Russian People," written by J. Novicow, of Odessa, Russia, an eminent Russian scholar. Referring to the religious condition and status in Russia, he says:

"Officially all Great Russians are orthodox. Russia is still unhappily a confessional State in every sense of the word, and suffers the unfortunate consequences thereof. The laws are made to uphold orthodoxy. Above all, the sovereign and his family must be orthodox. The state protects this form of religion by a set of laws which practically abolish liberty of conscience in the Empire of the Czars."

Seldom have we read words more significant and instructive than the following from the same author:

"The Eastern Church sustains the principle that what is true cannot change. Thus she modifies in no particular either her form of worship or her dogmas. Preaching is disappearing more and more in the Russian Church. Sermons are given only on rare occasions. There are two reasons for this. First, because preaching has very little object, when it is asserted beforehand that there is not an iota of anything to change in the traditions of the past. Jesus, on the contrary, it is true, modified or obliterated that which had been 'said to them of old time,' by His own 'I say unto you;' and it was just to maintain this new doctrine, which had not been said to them of old time, that Jesus preached His sermons. If it had not been for that, He would have had no reason for speaking. The second circumstance which has caused preaching to be given up by the Russian Church is the distrust of the government. The priest who wishes to deliver a sermon must first write it, and then submit to the approval of his bishop. Then only may he read it in church. But he is forbidden to say anything more than what he has put down in his notes; he may not improvise, or let himself go, under the inspiration of the moment, and speak freely. One may imagine that, under such circumstances, very few priests in Russia care to submit to the drudgery of delivering sermons, and when they do decide to do so, the faithful listen to them with the most profound weariness. First, because they are generally delivered in a cold, monotonous tone, and because, too, nine-tenths of the time they are utterly meaningless. The absence of liberty has killed the eloquence of the pulpit in Russia."

Mr. Novicow further sums up the result of such restrictive orthodoxy in these conclusive terms:

"In reality, Christianity is merely a veneer in Russia. It has not as yet pene-

trated to the consciences of the lower classes, and it is already given up by the upper classes of the nation. . . . The Russian Church has not, in its nine centuries of existence, given to the world either a great theologian, or a great doctor of the faith, or a saint who is at all remarkable or out of the ordinary, or a celebrated missionary, or even a great preacher."

We commend these unquestioned facts in regard to Russia to those timid and over-anxious souls who desire to put a hard-and-fast tether upon the traditional orthodoxy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is an unspeakable blessing to a hyper-conservative wing in our denomination that they are not able to bring about the results which they deem so desirable. They do not want, any more than we, enforced Russian orthodoxy, or any approach to it, in our church.

### Immediate Help Needed

THE devastating flames at Jacksonville, Fla., destroyed Cookman Institute, one of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society's schools. The building was totally burned, teachers and students suffering heavily from the loss of their personal effects. It is a case of loss and destitution which our readers should hasten to relieve. This fact is enforced by the following letter from Bishop Mallalieu:—

"Three months ago I presided at our Conferences in Florida, and spent several days in Jacksonville. Hundreds of our people are now homeless, and have been stripped of everything. We have lost five churches and parsonages, both white and colored. The Cookman Institute is gone, and our people are entirely unable to repair the damages. May I suggest that you ask your readers to send to you, for acknowledgment in your paper, generous contributions for our stricken people in Jacksonville."

At the recent semi-annual meeting of the Board of Bishops at Portland, Me., the following minute was passed:

"The Board of Bishops most sincerely and deeply deplores the awful calamity that has come to the city of Jacksonville, Florida, and commends the sufferers there to the generous consideration of all our people."

We trust that our readers will make immediate and generous response to this appeal; and as Bishop Mallalieu is so familiar with the situation, we request donors to send money to him at once, at Auburndale, Mass. Acknowledgment of amounts received will be promptly published in our columns.

### Dr. Ament Vindicated

MINISTER CONGER, when he arrived in this country a short time ago, said that Dr. W. S. Ament was the worst-lied-about man in China, except himself. The facts in the case, as published, fully justify Mr. Conger's strong declaration. Dr. Judson Smith, secretary of the American Board, in a paper in the current number of the *North American Review*, shows that Dr. Ament took the only course which made it possible to protect and save the lives of a large number of native Christians. In the tremendous emergency he acted under the direct counsel and instruction of Minister Conger. Any other course on the part of Dr. Ament would have shown that he was inefficient, unheroic, and disloyal to the Christian refugees, who had a right to look to him for relief. Dr. Smith says:

"As to the charge of looting by missionaries, we have, besides their own denials, the explicit testimony of one wholly outside their number, whose position gave him exceptional facilities for knowing the facts. Mr. R. E. Bredon, Dep-

uty Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs of China, who was in Peking throughout the siege and remained for some time afterward, wrote on October 3 to the *North China Daily Mail*: "I heard in the Legation, before we were enabled to leave it, that the missionaries had taken quantities of loot. I took special pains as a committeeman to investigate the truth of this assertion, and I found absolutely nothing to confirm it."

Referring to Dr. Ament and Rev. E. G. Tewksbury, who have been in the service of the American Board, the former twenty-three years and the latter eleven, Secretary Smith says: "These gentlemen have maintained a high standing among their associates for ability, good sense, and all manly, Christian qualities; and today the officers of the Board have an unshaken confidence in their integrity and sound judgment."

So general and persistent have been the charges against Dr. Ament, that it was wise in the American Board to bring him home to be seen and heard face to face by his accusers. We republish elsewhere a strong and discriminating putting of the case from the editorial columns of the *Boston Journal* under the title, "Dr. Ament's Vindication."

### PERSONALS

— Bishop and Mrs. Walden issue privately a beautiful memorial tribute to their daughter Elizabeth.

— Dr. John W. Hancher, of Herkimer, N. Y., has accepted the presidency of Iowa Wesleyan University.

— Rev. Geo. N. Bryant, a superannuated member of the New Hampshire Conference, died at Newbury, Vt., May 9.

— Rev. Dr. C. B. Mitchell, of Minneapolis, has been invited to become pastor of First Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

— In eighteen days, recently, Bishop Warren preached eighteen times, and addressed the Ministers' Meeting in Chicago.

— Dr. H. C. Jennings, senior Western Book Agent, preached the Epworth League anniversary sermon at Avondale, May 12.

— Prof. C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, is to deliver the commencement oration at the high school in Northampton.

— Charles W. Wilder, Jr., son of Rev. C. W. Wilder, of South Walpole, has been elected to a professorship in Pennington Seminary.

— Rev. Dr. E. J. Gray and wife, of Williamsport, Pa., will visit Europe this summer. They will attend the Ecumenical Conference.

— Rev. C. H. Atkins is appointed to Orient Heights. He is a graduate of Harvard College and of Boston and Andover Theological Schools.

— Rev. Charles M. Stuart, D. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, preached the university sermon at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, Sunday, May 5.

— Rev. J. H. Owens, who has been spending the winter in Pasadena, Cal., has returned to the East and will pass the summer in Newton and Cottage City.

— The *Chicago Record-Herald* of May 8 says that President George Edward Reed, of Dickinson College, "is slated for the presidency of Northwestern University."

— Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor, welcomed 111 persons, May 5. This is the largest addition to its membership the church has had for many years.

— The editor acknowledges a delightful call last week from President Race, of Grant University, Athens, Tenn. Dr. Race

is admirably fitted for the very important work committed to his care.

— Miss Helen Gould has been so busy in Christian work and in the distribution of Christian philanthropy, that she has broken down from overwork and care.

— Dr. Melville B. Chapman, of the School of Theology, will preach the Commencement sermon at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Tilton, N. H., June 16.

— Dr. R. S. Copeland, mayor of Ann Arbor, Mich., recently called the saloon-keepers of the city together and notified them that during his administration the liquor laws must be absolutely obeyed.

— Hon. Charles Foster, of Fostoria, Ohio, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, has made application in the United States Court as a voluntary bankrupt. His debts are set down at \$747,008.34, and there are no assets.

— The *Philadelphia Methodist* says of Rev. H. E. Foss, who went from Bangor, Me.: "Dr. Foss is going to prove a great blessing to the Arch St. Methodist Episcopal Church and to Methodism in Philadelphia."

— Some kind friends inside and outside of People's Temple have made it possible for Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Dorchester to go abroad the present season. They will leave Boston on the Leyland Line, July 17, and return, sailing from Liverpool, Sept. 12.

— Bishop Vincent was the guest of honor at two meetings in Rome, held under the auspices of the National Committee of Sunday-schools. The first meeting was held on Saturday, March 30, in the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the second on Sunday, March 31, in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

— Dr. J. W. Morris, of Kalispell, Mont., has been elected president of Montana Wesleyan University, to succeed Dr. Thomas Van Scoy, who died a short time ago. Dr. Morris went to Montana last October from Lynn, where he was pastor of St. Luke's Church. He is a graduate of Taylor College and Boston University.

— Dr. M. S. Terry will preach the baccalaureate sermon for Garrett Biblical Institute in First Church, Evanston, on Sunday, May 26, and Dr. F. D. Gamewell will deliver the missionary address on the evening of the same day. Dr. W. A. Spencer, secretary of the Board of Church Extension, will deliver the oration on alumni day, May 28. His subject will be, "The New Ministry for the New Century."

— Rev. and Mrs. Otis Cole have already moved into their cottage at Hedding Campground, Hedding, N. H., for the season. We quite agree with our friends that there is no spot in New England that possesses more of restful charm and invigoration. But "Brother" Cole has become happily identified with the grounds as one of its chief attractions. There is promise that an unusual number of families will summer at Hedding.

— It speaks well, as expressive of a desire for good reading, that the "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," by Dr. Allen, stood for the month of April third in the list of popular books in the Mercantile Library in New York; first in the Society Library, University Place, the same city; fourth in Pratt Institute Library, Brooklyn; first in the Public Library, Bridgeport, Conn.; and first in the public libraries of Springfield and Worcester.

— The *Christian Guardian* of Toronto, in a lengthy and generous tribute to the late Rev. John Hunt, of that city, in last week's issue says: "In the decease of Rev. John Hunt, which occurred at his residence in this city on the 1st inst., another of the living links

which connect the Methodism of today with that of the first half of the nineteenth century, has been severed, and one of the most highly respected and useful ministers of this branch of the Christian Church has disappeared from among the living."

— A note just at hand from Rev. Eugene M. Antrim, written at Halle, Germany, says: "We are comfortably settled and are getting down to work." We shall publish an interesting letter from Mr. Antrim in an early issue.

— President McKinley is to visit Baker University during Commencement, the first week in June, and witness the dedication of the Fogle gymnasium and astronomical observatory and the laying of the cornerstone of the Case library building.

— The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of last week notes that Dr. W. F. Steele, of Denver University, has been obliged to live away from his family for nearly seven weeks on account of scarlet fever. They are now all well again.

— Dr. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, with the close of the present school year completes twenty-five years of continuous service with that institution. Few instructors have impressed themselves so strongly and inspiringly upon their pupils.

— The quarterly conference of Tilton, N. H., has granted the pastor, Rev. William Warren, leave of absence during June, July and August, that he may visit his old home in England. Rev. S. E. Quinby, Conference evangelist, has been engaged as supply during his absence.

— Rev. D. L. Rader, D. D., of Christ Church, Denver, Col., is spending a few days in New England. While in Boston he was the guest of his long-time friend, Rev. C. A. Crane, D. D. He visited Mr. Arthur T. Cass, of Tilton, N. H., an associate and friend on the Book Committee.

— Rev. J. D. Folsom, of the New Hampshire Conference, who took a supernumerary relation at the recent session on account of continued ill-health, was given a noteworthy farewell reception by the church at Warren, N. H. The people expressed their affectionate consideration for the retiring pastor and his wife with substantial tokens.

— Dr. M. C. B. Mason, of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, has just secured \$2,000 for the new building at Wiley University, Marshall, Texas. He has also raised the last \$4,500 of the \$15,000 to match a like sum given by a friend for the Nurse Training School and Hospital of New Orleans University. The first \$10,500 had been raised by Bishop Mallalien.

— From a private letter received from Chaplain W. O. Holway, U. S. N., a passenger on the "Commonwealth" on its last trip to Liverpool, we learn that Dr. A. E. Dunning, of the *Congregationalist*, and Mrs. Dunning were on board, and that a delightful mutual intercourse was enjoyed. The Chaplain writes glowingly of the impression made upon him by the genial Doctor—his knowledge of men and places and events and books, his quickness of repartee, the aptness and inexhaustibility of his stories. He also noted how admirably the Doctor adapted himself to the varying conditions of ship life—calmly writing Sunday-school expositions in a gale that sent most of the passengers to their berths.

— It was recently stated in these columns that Rev. G. C. Woodruff, of Magnolia, Minn., was the oldest minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. A reader, Rev. David Marvin, of Alburgh, Vt., wrote Mr. Woodruff to know if he lived in Alburgh in 1828. There lies before us, by the courtesy of Mr. Marvin, Mr. Woodruff's very interesting reply. He writes that the preacher



on the charge at Alburgh in 1828 was Rev. Orris Pier, and that his twin brother, Rev. Orrin Pier, was stationed at Plattsburg, N. Y., and that Rev. John Clark was presiding elder. In 1830 Mr. Woodruff joined the Oneida Conference. "At the next General Conference," he says, "it was divided, and I was in the Black River, now the Northern New York Conference." He is 94 years old, and is in comfortable health "waiting patiently the Master's call."

—Rev. L. H. Dorchester and People's Temple are to be felicitated in the fact that Rev. F. H. Flinchbaugh has been secured as assistant pastor.

—Rev. A. D. Ball, of the School of Theology of Boston University, has already entered upon his work as an assistant pastor to Rev. Dr. Andrew Longacre, of Madison Ave. Church, New York city.

—A most remarkable and enviable church-going record is that of Mr. W. P. Lord, of South St. Church, Lynn, who has attended some church service every Sunday without a break for seventeen years! Who can match this?

### BRIEFLETS

The gate of heaven is shut against no one who has, first, the will to seek it, and, secondly, the faith to knock at it.

One of our readers states that hymn 257 in our Hymnal, beginning "Crown Him with Many Crowns," is singularly majestic and evangelical, and recommends its more frequent use by our congregations.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will begin its sessions in Philadelphia on Thursday of this week. The Presbyterians will inaugurate at this session a new twentieth-century movement, which will aim to increase the efficiency of the educational and missionary agencies of the church. But the most sensitive and urgent question for the Assembly to deal with will be that of creed revision, which will surely come to the fore in the deliberations.

What the world expects of us very often seems to be not at all what God expects of us. Yet we almost always strive toward the goal of the world's expectation, in spite of divine counter-leadings. In the end, however, every man comes back to God's intent for him. That is as inevitable as a planet's holding to its orbit. But how much better it had been to follow God's leading from the first!

Rev. C. A. Dickinson, D. D., resigns the pastorate of Berkeley Temple after thirteen years of faithful, untiring and aggressive service. Dr. Dickinson inaugurated the institutional church in Boston under favorable circumstances. He has been generously sustained with needed funds and efficient helpers, and has done a good and measurably successful work; but we are of the opinion that the results leave the institutional church still a very questionable experiment among us.

Emotion in religion is an excellent thing, provided its current does not have too much of an inflowing tendency. Self-expanded emotion is weakening to character. We should let most of our impulsive feelings flow out to others.

A telegram from Wichita, Kansas, to the New York Tribune, published in Monday's issue, states that the followers of Mrs. Carrie Nation have formed a National Home Rule Party, with J. G. Stewart, of

Illinois, as chairman, and Mrs. Nation as honorary president. It is said that the movement does not meet her endorsement, and she is reported as saying: "It was formed without my knowledge or consent, and I cannot support its principles. I do not think that any one party can do just right. I am a Republican born and bred, and while I do not favor some of them, namely, Mark Hanna, I will stick to the old party."

The finest thing one can do, morally, is to live within arm's length of a temptation, and let it alone. But the next finest thing, and the safest thing, and the best thing on the whole, is to decrease one's liability to temptation by increasing one's distance from it.

The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, at their last meeting, made an appropriation of \$30,000, which, with \$5,000 additional already provided, is to be used at once to restore our missionary property which was destroyed in Peking. The appropriation will be used to build the walls around the mission, to erect two missionary residences, and to rebuild Durbin Hall, which was a part of Peking University. Our denomination is the first to begin the work of restoration, and thus the active work of its mission. There is an unusually general and urgent demand by the Chinese for the educational advantages of Peking University.

One of the surest signs of immortality is the fact that we attain nothing here for which we have longed and striven, but that it presently crumbles and loses its substance. So all desire is simply a passing on and on from symbol to symbol, until we shall at length be satisfied by grasping the reality.

The Northern Baptists hold their national anniversary meetings in Springfield, May 20-28. The three general societies to thus meet are the American Baptist Missionary Union, the American Baptist Publication Society, and the American Baptist Home Mission Society. The women's societies in the denomination are held in connection therewith. It is a representative, able and important gathering. The question of the consolidation or unification of some of the many societies is to be considered. The Southern Baptists, owing to a cleavage which took place during the Civil War, maintain separate organizations, which have just held their annual session in New Orleans.

We are very glad that the timely, able and inspiring sermon which Bishop Foss delivered before the Pennsylvania State Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 22-25, has been published in pamphlet form. This message is thus sent upon the larger mission which it is so well suited to perform.

That was a remarkable event last week in the Holy Saviour Church of Wilkes-barre, Pa., when almost an entire congregation, one thousand strong — men, women and children — took the temperance pledge. From a report of this wonderful temperance meeting telegraphed to the New York Sun, we take the following paragraph: "A large orchestra welcomed the throng as they marched into the church, while a score of priests from the diocese greeted them. Prayers of thanks for the great conversion were said, and the congregation lifted up its voice in song. Then came the pledge-taking, the children starting. Then followed the sermon by Father O'Malley of Kingston. Father Curran, the pastor of the

church, has been working for two years to achieve what he did today." The splendid work which many priests of the Roman Catholic Church are doing for the cause of temperance should be gratefully recognized.

Sincere piety grows like the grass, day and night, unconsciously, unenvyingly.

We must admit this of any creed, at least — that it is good in so far as it does good. But even then, the good it does to some must be proved to outweigh the wrong it does to others.

John Stuart Blackie, the robust old scholar with a passion for truth, illustrates well Carlyle's characterization of him, "a man of wide speculation and acquirement, very fearless, very kindly, without ill humor and without guile," in this latest saying attributed to him: "I give my right hand to Protestantism, my left to Romanism, and my heart to both, but my head I keep to myself."

After all, it is better to walk on good, gritty ground than on a carpet of flowers. Try it for a mile, and see! And so for everyday journeying, for sturdy pilgrim feet, the humdrum things, even the hard things, of life are best. They furnish just the right friction for a foothold.

Wisdom is an unfortunate quality unless conjoined with goodness. It has only served to bring the serpent's head under the heel of man, while the snail and the toad, innocent but not wise, thrive and multiply.

President Barrows, of Oberlin College, announces that one-half of the \$300,000 which must be raised to secure the \$200,000 promised by John D. Rockefeller has already been secured.

Love must be coined into patience, gentleness, meekness, humility, kindness, benevolence, tenderness, sympathy, and service, before it can be recognized or understood.

The tendency to enlarge and enrich the accessories of religious service in all denominations in this country, is one of the significant signs of the times. We take the following facts from a New York letter to the Boston Transcript: "Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, has a service which takes up exactly one hour before the sermon is reached. Much of it is borrowed from the old liturgies. A Baptist church in Pittsburg confines its music wholly to English composers. Presbyterian congregations in all parts of the country are elaborating their forms, and the number of vested choirs among Lutherans is now so great as to excite no comment. In New York the third vested choir has been introduced into Methodist churches." We are unable to look upon this tendency with favor, because the history of the general church has shown that the demand for liturgies, vestments and stately music has been most pronounced in the times of an eclipse in religious faith and life. Then any movement which disparages and belittles the sermon — the preaching of the Gospel — cannot but be harmful.

Jesus best characterized His ministry by saying, "I am among you as he that serveth;" and perhaps, when rightly understood, no message to His disciples is more significant and obligatory than this: "Let him that is greatest among you be your servant." The minister who enters upon his new pastorate carrying the spirit towards his people which Jesus magnified, will soon find that he has an open door to human hearts.

## A MAY MORNING

JENNY BURR.

Would that our dreams might stay with us!

So thought I when, as morning broke,  
From fair, enchanted realms of sleep  
I drew one loveliest shape, and woke.

But harsh day clamored near and loud,  
And cares and duties followed fast,  
Till, weary with the stress and heat,  
I faintly said, Dreams cannot last.

Toil only stays. Such constancy  
Might grace at angel from the skies,  
Walking in beauty by our side,  
With radiant smile and lovelit eyes.

But while I wrought with tired hand,  
The oriole builded in the elm,  
The bees in honeysuckles hummed,  
The gay moth roamed its fairy realm.

A world in freshest emerald shone  
Beneath a glowing sky. The blossoming  
fields

Were fragrant with a thousand scents  
The lavish early summer yields.

Wild, wanton melodies were blown  
From roadside, meadow, bush and tree —  
The sparrow's, linnet's, vireo's song,  
The bobolink's riotous ecstasy.

Full on my heart the rapture broke.  
A world with gladness brimming full!  
The beauty of our round, green earth,  
Great nature's constant miracle.

For though all goes, her charm abides;  
With steady, faithful light she beams  
Upon our toiling path, and sends  
Us joys surpassing even dreams.

Sheffield, Mass.

STRENGTHENING WEAK HANDS  
AND FEEBLE KNEES

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

ALL the wicked selfishness and meanness in human nature is on the side of brutality that is ready to "kick a man when he is down." Have you ever noticed how much easier it is to say hard and unpleasant things to a person who is already blue and morose with his own troubles, than if he bears a buoyant and joyous front? There is something very disarming about an air of dauntless prosperity. Christian character is at war with all this. If we are to be the true children of God, then we must in His spirit seek to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees.

There are several kinds of hands that grow weak which it is our privilege to strengthen. First, there are the hands of the old—the hands that grow weak through age. Youth should ever show respect, and courtesy, and graciousness, to age. And in the church there is no sweeter privilege given to a strong and vigorous young man or a buoyant and happy young woman than to seek by their courtesy and kindness to strengthen the hands that were once as strong and courageous as their own, but are now growing nerveless and weak through old age. I am sure, if young people could appreciate how much forbearance, and self-denial, and gracious consideration on their part meant to the old, there would be more of them who would win that priceless blessing—the love, and gratitude, and benediction of the aged Christian.

There are others whose hands are weak

because they are overburdened. They are carrying loads that are too heavy for their shoulders; they are literally being worked to death. I saw a cartoon the other day that represented, at first, an enormous pile of bundles from a dry goods store; and the lady of the house and her servant wondered what the expressman meant by leaving that heap of packages on the doorstep and running away after ringing the bell. But after they had carried away several loads, they found a tired little messenger boy underneath. There are many people like that, people who are so over-burdened with cares that they never know what it is to feel fresh and strong; and those of us who do feel that way should count it the sweetest privilege of life to strengthen their weak hands by our sympathy, fellowship, and good cheer. I expect the Saviour had that very sort of thing in mind when He made the promise that not even a cup of cold water should be given to the tired and thirsty disciples without its reward.

Then there are the weak hands of the sick. And how weak they are many times, not only because of the illness that has sapped the strength, but because of the discouragement and foreboding that often accompany disease. We should be patient with sick people. And this should not only apply to those who are sick in body, but to those who are worried in mind and fainting and discouraged at heart. Often we are tempted to comment critically on some one who is so tired and worn out or disheartened that he does not enter into the religious services with his accustomed alacrity and boldness. Rather we should seek to make him feel that he has our sympathy and prayers, and try to turn the attention of others from what is a weakness, not a sin. Christians who have really caught the spirit of Jesus have learned the difference between the weaknesses of people and their sins. Indeed, weakness may lead us into sins, but there are many people who falter, who are unsteady and ready to faint, whose hearts are as pure and clean of intention to do evil as the rose beaten by the wind. It is the part of the strong to seek to protect such and to strengthen them to stand the blasts of life.

There are the weak hands of the young, the very young, who have not grown steady and strong yet, through years of experience. Many children are made bad through lack of patience and forbearance on the part of parents and teachers. There is much of the baby in a child, even after the limbs have grown long. I remember an Indian legend in the Northwest of an old witch who stole a baby from a wigwam and pulled his legs out until they were as long as a man's. But the baby heart was there still just the same. This is true of a great many children, and they are discouraged into evil ways through lack of some kind and wise friend to strengthen their hands when they are weak. This is peculiarly true of young Christians. Even though people are mature men and women, if they have but recently changed the whole current of their lives and entered upon the Christian career, there are many things that are new to them, and many untried paths for their feet, and they must not be looked upon by older Christians as graduates in the Chris-

tian life, but as children to be guided, protected, encouraged, and strengthened when the hands appear weak and ready to drop the burdens that are new to them. Blessed are they who acquire the art of watching along the highway of life for chances to offer the cup of cold water, or the smile of approbation, or the brotherly uplift, that will strengthen one that is ready to die!

There goes along with this direct appeal of the Bible to strengthen weak hands, a twin command to confirm the feeble knees. Knees often get weak through fright. Brave men and women know what it is to have the knees ready to fail them. I saw a man once who was placed on duty where his life was in imminent peril. He was nervously conscious of his danger, and his knees shook under him as though he had the ague, but the owner of them did not run from the post of duty. He was as brave as Marshal Ney, who once when going into battle, saw his knees shaking, and said to them grimly: "And well you may shake, and you would shake worse yet if you knew where I am going to take you!" Never make the mistake of imagining that people are bad or have proved treacherous in their purpose to be good, because they are sometimes thrown into a panic and their knees are made to tremble with fear. Some of the truest souls that ever lived have needed always the comfort and good cheer of their friends and associates to confirm their feeble knees and hold them to the duty from which their hearts never flinched.

One thing we may be sure of—that whenever we are trying to do our best in strengthening the weak hands and confirming the feeble knees, we shall be in shoulder-touch with Jesus Christ, for that is the work He loves best. In such work we shall follow out Paul's understanding of our Lord's will, which he interprets in the words: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

New York City.

## THE NEW HYMNAL

PROF. KARL P. HARRINGTON.

THE problem before the committee is doubly difficult—to make a shorter and a better Hymnal. The second part of the task is the easier. There is abundant new material in both hymns and tunes, which has accumulated during the past quarter of a century. But it is not so easy to drop out hymns or tunes already in the book. In each case some person, or some section, is pretty sure to raise an outcry at the thought of losing a favorite. Yet subtraction must be practiced as rigidly as addition, if the desired result is to be obtained. The following suggestions relate only to the question of music, and are prompted by a rather intimate acquaintance with the Hymnal with Tunes, beginning in the days when the writer rendered some slight clerical assistance in its preparation, and continuing from the first morning when the new copies, fresh from the "Book Room," appeared at family prayers, through a daily use in church and home, with large and small organs and choirs, until the present.

The standard of music to be maintained



in the new book is necessarily a higher one than that of thirty years ago. Two distinct, indeed divergent, tendencies have been manifest during the last three decades, represented on the one hand by the noble harmonies of Dykes, Barnby, and their English compeers and American followers, and on the other by the tripping melodies of the so-called "Gospel-Songs" type, whose name is legion, and their lack of enduring qualities universal. It is the very fact that the inroads made by these tinsel tunes upon the musical taste of our church had almost begun to endanger the existence of our standard Hymnal with Tunes, that has hastened the demand for a new book, and that makes it clear that unless we wish Methodists to remain babes in church music we must supply them more strong meat and less milk. It is encouraging to note signs that here, too, the heart of the church is sound. The daily reports of the recent General Conference did not tell us that the "devotional exercises" were opened by singing "Let a little sunshine," or "When the saints come marching home," or "Won't that be a gay time by and by!" Not only were the solid hymns and stately tunes of the Hymnal employed, but even surpliced choirs were also in evidence in Chicago. The same page of the *Christian Advocate* that recently called for suggestions for the new book contained an account of a very successful Methodist choir in New York dressed in this style, and thrilling the souls of the congregation with the majestic strains of Gounod's "Unfold, ye portals everlasting." Thank God that in Methodism the movement is on foot for something religiously inspiring to take the place of those little ditties that appeal especially to certain muscles of the lower leg and ankle! The committee will, in fact, be hampered by an embarrassment of riches in choosing the noble tunes which have made their way into a great variety of the books of recent years.

Probably the majority of Methodists have not realized that a large number of the best tunes in our present book are handicapped by being wedded to hymns but rarely sung because adapted to some special occasion or theme, such as heaven, death, the judgment day, Thanksgiving day, and so on. What more inspiring tune than "Alford" ("Ten thousand times ten thousand")? What more impressive than "Reynoldstone" ("Day of wrath, O dreadful day")? Yet ministers hesitate to give these out, partly because they are unfamiliar. But how are they ever to become familiar by never being sung?

On the other hand, there is a real place for more hymns and tunes especially adapted to the regularly recurring dates of the Christian year; and probably there is proportionately more available material in Christmas and Easter hymns and tunes than in any other field. Hymns for use at the sacramental service are needed also.

One point of arrangement should be emphasized. As a rule, the second tune on a page is of little use. It is usually presumed (and, in many cases, not rashly) that the second tune is an inferior one, worthy of but scanty attention. A book printed in rather large type, with but one

hymn on a page, and, at any rate, with a different tune for each hymn, would prove in the end a much more satisfactory one, and a good educator in both church hymnology and church music.

A word more as to what tunes can be dropped. First, those whose value now lies only in their historic associations, like "Kentucky," or "China." In this list belongs, also, the well-known tune which has so long been practically inseparable from the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Let this tune still be used in prayer-meetings by those who choose; but it is in itself sadly lacking in musical qualities, is very wearisome from the monotonous repetitions on a high pitch, is by this strain on the voice distracting from an appreciation of the sentiment of the hymn, and is, on the whole, entirely unworthy of a place in dignified church worship. Wedded to a really good tune, the same hymn would after a reasonable amount of singing seem as sacred as it does today. Next, tunes inherently insipid, e. g., "Ditson." Finally, tunes unsuited for any reason for congregational singing, like "Too Late," which may be used effectively by a choir or a solo voice, but never by a congregation.

Does anybody think the standard of music here hinted at too high? "Great is the mystery of godliness." If there were no unfathomed heights and depths of divine love, religion would lose its power. So in the case of its handmaid, sacred music. That music which does not require study and practice to unfold its hidden beauties is but "chaff which the wind driveth away."

*University of Maine, Orono.*

## OUR CHICAGO LETTER

"QUAERO.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten."

THAT is poetry. Lowell wrote it. But the physical Lowell is dead. He does not hear the birds chirp, the grass sprout, the leaves chorus — all Nature clap hands and shout for joy. Lowell was one month behind time. Throw open your windows and drink a long breath this May morning! There are flowers in it — dandelion, violet; there is life in it — exuberant, redolent; there is promise in it — human, divine. And this is May. June is so far away. Now we hear life murmur and see it glisten. How glad we are that April has gone! How he growled and stormed, raged at us, angered us, gripped us! Yet this happy morning we bid him a year's farewell, with no thought of his coldness and harshness. It is bitter, hard, trying toil, this breaking of ice bands and melting of winter frosts. We feel sorry for April. He is an unappreciated worker. How many human Aprils there are! God pity them and help them!

Dr. McIntyre will fill out the Conference year and then rest for a year. The condition of his throat necessitates this action. What will St. James' Church do?

Survive as a church, of course. Transfer a preacher? Perhaps. The average of intelligence and piety in St. James' Church is no higher than in a number of other city churches that grow under the ministry of Rock River Conference men. Therefore — But, by the way, why are we becoming sectional in our thought of appointments? Why determine pastorates by metes and bounds? If for supervisory purposes, no objection can lie. But men are not called of God to preach within prescribed latitude and longitude. At least, there would seem to be no indication of such limitation in the book we Methodists exalt. "Quaero" is very willing that St. James should call any man in Methodism. The perspective of distance and absence often haloes a minister. But we can stand the halo. Let it come.

Chicago Methodism was shaken to its risibilities by the unexpected resignation recently of Rev. F. C. Bruner, pastor of Second Church, Englewood. Mr. Bruner is published as a "Henry Ward Beecher" a "Dr. McIntyre," on the lecture platform. Avaunt, shades of Beecher! And now he resigns a charge that pays \$66½ or \$75 per month, and the daily papers devote much space to exploiting the resignation. Who will succeed to the pulpit made so difficult to fill by the mellifluous Bruner, is yet conjecture. A transfer, if an Atlas, is more needed than at St. James. There is something to be borne and done at Second Church.

Dr. H. W. Thomas, expelled from the Methodist Church some years ago, and now pastor of the People's Church, preached an anniversary sermon on a recent Sunday. He stated the charges against him which resulted in his expulsion. The first charge was that he did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible. On this he was acquitted. The second charge related to the atonement. On this he was condemned, but lacked only two votes of acquittal. The third charge related to hell or endless punishment. On this he was condemned. Having spoken of these charges, the Doctor said: "The Methodist Church would hardly try a preacher now for holding and teaching the views for which I was expelled. If it cared to continue the task of heresy-hunting, it need not go out of Chicago. They might begin with Dr. Frank Crane. But they will not." The good Doctor was quite right. If John Wesley were tried today by the same committee that expelled Dr. Thomas, he certainly would be declared heretic. The world does move — upward and onward.

A paper was read by Dr. Stowbridge, a Monday or two ago, at the Preachers' Meeting. His subject was, "The Atonement." It is disputable whether Goethe asked in his last hours for more light. It is beyond cavil that the one thing the preachers needed when Dr. Stowbridge sat down was more light, and — adjournment was had. The world does not move — for some men.

The presiding elder of the Rockford District, Dr. Frank Hardin, is a most en-

thusiastic states-right man. That is, the Calhoun spirit dominates him. There is no nation for him but America; no State but his adopted; no Conference but Rock River; no district but Rockford. His men are the greatest preachers, the greatest builders, the greatest debt-payers, the greatest revivalists, the truest husbands, the noblest fathers, the gallantest widowers, the alertest wooers, the divinest paragons, to be found in all the world of Methodism! And the Doctor always gets their votes for General Conference. Anyway, he is a first-class, wide-awake, always-doing-something presiding elder. And that is much.

There is general satisfaction here over the election of Assistant Editor Thompson to succeed Dr. Edwards. A petition was sent to the Book Committee requesting a certain Chicago pastor's election. A large number of the preachers of this Conference signed the petition. Many of the signatures were of the complimentary sort. What claim this pastor had to the office, "Quaero" does not know. He had an inalienable right to aspire to the position, of course. He may have a fitness—gifts and graces—undiscovered. But why is there such a scramble for a dead or a living man's shoes? Cannot, and ought not, something to be done to extirpate the unholy ambition of pastors for office? It has been openly said here that the many pastors who have been seeking to succeed Dr. Edwards wanted the place as a stepping stone to the bishopric. No one has denied the statement. Where is the mind of Christ in it all? But this is moralizing. "Quaero" hopes and prays—for he does pray—that the Conferences will bury in the tomb of his own hewing every pastor who is discovered to be a chronic seeker for place—whether pastoral charge, presiding eldership, editorship, book agency, or what not.

As far as "Quaero" can learn, the six-year men in Chicago have not become worn out or unusable by the "providential" sixth year. Is it not the first really providential year in all the history of pastoral appointments? For the first time, at least, the arbitrary limitation did not operate, and there was the opportunity for the divine Head of the church to have a voice. Rev. James Rowe, of the Garfield Park Church, was overheard to say that his sixth year was so far the best of his pastorate. He is enjoying with his people the results of five years of hard work.

#### NOTES AND PERSONAL MENTION

—Dr. Frank Crane has been appointed a member of the State Board of Pardons by Governor Yates.

—The Old Folks' Home at Edgewater was dedicated recently. Bishops Hamilton and Merrill made appropriate remarks. There was a large company present. The pastors, however, were conspicuously absent. Mr. Bush, of Grace Church, who built and paid for the Home, died a short time before its dedication, but left it a bequest of \$30,000 in his will. It is a beautiful philanthropy.

—Northwestern University is yet looking for the ideal president—the powerful preacher who can "sure draw it oot o'

'm if there's ony money in him;" the splendid scholar who can magnetize worlds of scholars; the magnificent gentleman whose word and will are wisdom and might, etc. Where is he?

—One competent to know says that Wesley Hospital, which is approaching completion, will be the most perfectly equipped hospital in Chicago. It will cost \$200,000.

—Ours is a Fall Conference. Appointments are making. Rev. A. T. Horn, of DeKalb, is to succeed Rev. Grover Clark, presiding elder of Dixon District, who goes out by providentially fixed time limitation of the eldership. Dr. A. D. Traveller, secretary of City Missions, will succeed Dr. Hardin, presiding elder of Rockford District, whose time has expired.

—Mr. S. H. Pye, Western book agent, writes poetry, makes missionary addresses, edits books, and—attends to his business.

—They say that Dr. W. F. Oldham made the best missionary address ever heard in Chicago at a recent gathering of preachers.

—Dr. J. F. Berry is kept young by the enthusiastic Epworth League receptions given him. Anyway, it is the heart, and not the color of the hair, that determines age.

#### UNTRAVELED PATHS IN MEXICO

REV. GEORGE SKENE, D. D.

Puebla, Mexico, March 16.

At 7 o'clock this morning we took train for Zaragoza, where ponies and guide were expected to meet us. Eighty-five miles is the length of our railroad ride, but twelve hours is the time taken to compass it. We have started out to see the common people, so engage seats in a third-class car. Common people? No! decidedly uncommon in my observation of people. What a mixture! Indians with bare feet and hardly rags enough to cover their nakedness; women of all shades of color, some with papposes strapped on their backs with the ever-present blue rebosa. Every man, woman and child seemed to possess as many bundles as their arms would hold. These were deposited on the floor, under the seats, on the seats, anywhere where there was an available inch of room. The car was seated with long, plain wooden benches reaching the full length—one on each side and one in the middle. It was packed. Besides the living creatures visible there were many more unseen. A big Mexican sitting next my friend reached over and took from his black coat a lively specimen, and with a humorous grin, exclaimed, "Chinchi." On our return trip we did not ride third-class.

Zaragoza is a collection of huts resembling one of our frontier settlements in its rudest and earliest period. The night was dark and rainy when we arrived, so we had to seek shelter instead of moving on in our saddles to a more comfortable lodging, as we had planned. We groped our way through the darkness and the mud to what was called a hotel. By what right it bore the name perhaps you may guess as I describe it. The building was about 15 feet deep and 100 feet long, one story high, and built of rough boards, with plenty of room in the joints for ventilation. There was not a window in the structure, and each room opened on the street. There was a sort of recess between the lodging-rooms and the place where the cooking and eating were supposed to take place. Through this recess was a gate to the stables and pigsties. As

we approached through the darkness a wood fire was blazing on the ground near the kitchen door, and a group of Indians were squatted around it barefooted, with blankets of many colors muffled about their heads to keep out the cold. We joined the group, as this was the only reception-room the house afforded. Through the open door of the cook-room we watched the Indian women preparing our supper over their primitive braziers—patting between their dirty hands the unleavened dough for the tortillas, and stirring with a stick the black beans for the frijoles. Tortillas and frijoles are the chief articles of food among the natives. The furniture of our dining-room consisted of a bare table of pine boards, with a stationary pine bench on either side. We were at length informed that supper was ready. We climbed over the bench and bravely faced the ordeal. While we were enjoying (?) our meal, a big black hog deliberately walked into our dining-room and helped himself to the contents of a bucket that stood in the corner. While we were trying to sleep we could hear the horses' tails switching against the boards at our heads, and the pigs rooting at the door seeking admission to our room. We left this hotel very early in the morning! What a relief to get under the clear sky in the pure mountain air!

Shall I ever forget that Sunday morning ride? Impossible. For about a mile we passed through fields of green grain with here and there a grove of trees with undergrowth of flowering shrubs. We caught the notes of an American robin, and soon saw him perched on a bough above us looking down as if recognizing an old friend. In a strange land, how delightful is the sight or voice of a familiar friend! From this greeting of the robin all was new and strange. Here was the farmer with his oxen, his long goad, and his wooden plow. Then we met in the trail a dozen men and women going to market with loads of corn, vegetables, poultry, etc., on their backs—loads big enough to stagger a horse. Up hill and down these human pack animals trotted for fifteen or twenty miles, to carry twenty miles home again a Mexican dollar (worth fifty cents). It is hard to realize how creatures with souls can live among such grand scenery as these mountains afford, and be so near the level of the brute. Our bridle path leads us through a veritable paradise of beauty. Now to the top of a lofty mountain by an almost perpendicular ascent; again by an equally steep decline we are in the shades of a deep defile where the smell of fresh earth and the fragrance of flowers are almost oppressive. Every part of this rugged country thus far is under cultivation, and has been for centuries. We are in the land of the pure Aztecs, whose rude, thatched huts, surrounded with patches of garden, are on all the peaks and mountain sides, and in the vales. We find a half-clad woman in the open air weaving a coarse woolen cloth. Her loom might have been in use for a thousand years. The warp is fastened to a tree and spread by a simple, straight stick. The weaver sits on a rude stool and slowly passes the shuttle back and forth, weaving barely a yard of cloth in a day. She has spun her yarn from the wool of her own little flock by the old Egyptian spindle, twirled in the fingers of the left hand. As we look at this primitive worker, it is hard to believe that this is the twentieth century. We persuaded this simple woman to sit for her photo, and as we were leaving offered her a small coin. She took it in her fingers, seemed puzzled, and offered to give it back. She has not been spoiled by the Yankee tourist; I doubt if she ever saw one before.

A ten miles' ride through these charming scenes brought us to the Aztec village of



Xochiapulco where our church has a mission. We were in time for morning service, and heard a stirring sermon from the Mexican pastor, Rev. Severa Lopez. His language was strange, but his spirit familiar. There is only a small congregation here, but a very promising school of about sixty bright boys and girls. We have a plain, comfortable church building and a fine mission house. In the evening the people met at the pastor's home, and the writer addressed them through an interpreter. It was a new experience. Before taking our leave on Monday morning the neighboring women came in for family prayers. It was a sweet, simple service of prayer and song. Then the adieus. I was not altogether at ease as one after another of those Indian women came up to me, threw their arms around me, and patted me on the back saying, "Adios! Adios!" This is their form of greeting and farewell.

Our ride on Monday took us through the most sublime mountain scenery I have ever witnessed. No pen can describe it. We stopped at noon for lunch at a native hut. Boiled eggs, frioles and tortillas constituted our bill of fare. They were brought to us without a knife, fork or spoon; there were no such tools in the house. How were we to eat these soupy beans and soft eggs? But "necessity is the mother," etc. We broke our eggs in the beans, and made a spoon of the egg-shell, and so had good success. A sharp appetite and a little wit helped us through a good many embarrassments in this rough journey.

After leaving the country of the Aztecs we crossed the border of Totonac Land. Who knows anything about the Totonacs? Of what race are they? Where did they come from? They were here before the Aztecs came. Until about three years ago they were practically a little kingdom by themselves. The Spanish never subdued them. The Mexicans had no authority over them. They had their little plantations and cultivated them faithfully in their crude way, living a simple, pure, industrious life. A few short years ago some one in the Mexican Government decided that these lands in the hot country should be surveyed and that the individual holdings handed down from generation to generation for many centuries should be divided by straight lines. This disturbed the most sacred traditions, and robbed many a family of the home of their forefathers. The men of the tribe resisted the surveyors and killed one of their number. Diaz sent his soldiers to avenge the murder. The warriors met the army with knives and clubs, but were conquered. Many were killed, and most of the survivors were deported to the deadly lowlands of Yucatan. Scarcely a man is seen in the old fields, but scores of women, sad-faced and sullen, dig in the earth and like pack animals carry their produce to the nearest market. Some of these women are beautiful — light brown complexion, with abundant, fine black hair, which they do in a heavy roll, projecting over the forehead, braiding in with it strips of bright red and green material, giving a decidedly fantastic effect. Their only garment is a long strip of pure white cloth draped in Grecian fashion around their graceful figures, leaving their bare feet and ankles exposed. In their movements they are as lithe and graceful as a deer. They are defiant in spirit, and are often heard to say, "We are robbed of our husbands, but wait till our boys grow up!"

Our trip in the saddle covered five days of time and many miles of wonderful country. We saw Mexico as the ordinary tourist has never seen it, and were able to study the primitive life of the people to our satisfaction. If we were obliged to return at once to New England, we should

feel amply rewarded for time and money expended. But no waiting congregation hurries us home, and as our appetite for novelties is not yet satiated, we move on to the heart of this strange nation. Six hours from Puebla bring us to Mexico City. We stepped from the train to grasp a friendly hand, and find that the ever-thoughtful, courteous Dr. J. W. Butler has anticipated our coming and made provision for our comfort. We were welcomed by Mr. Bassett, the pastor of our English congregation, who reported that Dr. Butler was holding a revival service with the Spanish congregation. After a hurried lunch we went to the chapel, finding it completely filled with an earnest congregation of dark-faced people. The sermon was full of old-time unction, and at its close quite a number of seekers presented themselves at the altar for prayers.

The ordinary sights of Mexico City have been so often described that I need say little about them. The old things are rapidly passing, and the stamp of the Yankee is everywhere in evidence. In at least one particular America fails to improve her opportunity. There is a disposition on the part of the best people of Mexico to abandon the brutal bull-fight. Few of them attend it, and a little encouragement from their enlightened Christian (?) visitors would soon put it under the ban of the law. I felt ashamed of my countrymen on Sunday afternoon. At the Iturbide Hotel nearly all the guests were Americans. Between two and six o'clock I was almost the only guest on the premises. The conversation among the people in the evening told where the Sabbath afternoon had been spent.

After the English service in our Mission on Sunday morning, I went to the great Cathedral, hoping to hear fine music. In this I was disappointed, for the service was what is called a silent mass. Not a note was chanted nor a word uttered. Thousands of people thronged that part of the immense structure where the Holy Eucharist was celebrated by a single priest. Elegantly dressed ladies in silks and costly laces knelt on the bare floor beside the poor peon woman with her blue rebosa wrapped about her head and shoulders. Men in broadcloth and white linen were wedged in between half-naked, filthy beggars. All seemed equally intent upon the service, and at the tinkling of a bell fell upon their knees, crossed themselves, and rose again. It was an impressive sight; but all feeling of solemnity was quickly dispelled as we left the crowd and, after much struggling, reached the open air. Here we were literally pursued by a dirty priest ringing a great dinner bell and thrusting a brass box with a money slot in its top before our faces, demanding alms. On the plaza directly in front of the Cathedral a large band was discoursing fine music, while vendors of fruit, pulque and sweets were shrieking out the merits of their wares, and multitudes of gaily dressed people sat chatting and drinking under the trees or promenaded among the flowers, making a perfect picture of Vanity Fair.

This incongruous mixture of religion and frivolity was in part explained as I went a few blocks further and entered another church where indulgences are sold for the small sum of twelve Mexican centavos (six cents American money). I brought away one of these cards of indulgence, which reads: "The most illustrious and most Reverend Mr. Doctor Don Prospero Maria Alarcon concedes 80 days of indulgences, to whom will recite Our Father or a creed before the sacred image of the Lord of the Rebosa, praying for the necessities of our mother, the Holy Church." Everywhere within the walls of the churches we

are confronted with the mercenary spirit of the priesthood. It is quite easy to see what is the matter with Mexico.

In approaching the City of Mexico one is impressed with the vastness of the traffic in pulque — the beer of Mexico. Thousands upon thousands of acres are devoted to the cultivation of the maguey plant from which this drink is made. Three trains heavily laden with pulque enter the City of Mexico every day.

The maguey — our century plant — here in its native clime is interesting. At about seven or eight years of age the heart is taken from the plant and the centre is scooped out, forming a sort of bowl holding a gallon or more of the milk-like sap which flows into it. Each plant produces from two quarts to a gallon of sap daily for about three months, then dies. If left to itself for ten years, there springs up from the centre of the leaves a tall stem ten or fifteen feet in height bearing upon its apex clusters of yellow flowers. Then the whole plant withers and dies. It never blooms but once. Our notion that the century plant blooms but once in a century is true. It would be equally true if we said once in a thousand years. Besides producing pulque this plant has many other uses: Thread and rope are made of its fibre; paper-like vellum is peeled from its leaves; its thick stalks are boiled in syrup and used for food; while the refuse is dried and used for fuel. It is said that the maguey plant constituted the real vineyards of the Aztecs as well as of the tribes preceding them, its product being the drink of the people long before the days of the Montezumas. In the National Art Museum in Mexico there is an interesting painting representing one of the Montezumas welcoming a beautiful Indian maiden who bears a jar of pulque, followed by her father with a maguey plant in his arms. The story is that the king was intoxicated with the drink, and sent for the maiden who had presented it. She entered his palace, but never came out again. Next heard of, Montezuma had lost his kingdom. It is the old story — wine made the king mad, woman lost him his throne.

Whether pulque or popery be the cause, I will not say, but the physical and moral condition of these people is deplorable beyond conception. They are *not* lazy; I never saw a harder-working people. They are not dull; some of them are exceedingly smart. They are the most skillful thieves in the world. In the thieves' market, where stolen goods are exposed for sale, there are some curious trophies of their skill, among them a whole basketful of false teeth. An old resident related this incident to me: A man with a bundle of rebosas on his shoulder stood in the crowd at the thieves' market when a fellow stepped behind him, took a needle and thread and stitched one of the rebosas to his own coat. A moment later in the surging of the crowd the thief lifted the bundle to his own shoulder. The fellow who had been robbed exclaimed: "Who stole my rebosas?" The thief quietly advised him: "You should sew them to your coat as I do." Many equally bright tricks are reported of them. They are natural mechanics, and with very little training produce most beautiful work. In wood-carving, carving in leather, beautiful work in silver and gold, molding in clay and sculpture in stone, weaving fine fabrics and embroidering fine linen, they excel. Why are they so poor? They do not know themselves. A few have discovered what they are, and what they *may* be. The simple Gospel of Christ is bringing the light which reveals a manhood and womanhood hidden for ages by a dark, impious misuse of a religion intended to exalt the lowly and abase the proud.

At another time I may speak of our mission work in Mexico. We have something here worth talking about.

## THE FAMILY THE CHANGED KEY

MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

I listened to the ocean  
As it beat upon the shore,  
And it chanted something to me  
That it never had before.  
With a long, resounding cadence,  
And a deep and solemn roll,  
It voiced the sin and sorrow  
Of a wrecked and stranded soul.

I wandered through the forest  
When the wind swept past the trees;  
And it seemed the whole creation  
Prayed for help, upon its knees,  
With a wailing miserere  
And with penitential tears,  
Till I felt that hope was dying  
In a gulf of mocking fears.

But a bird's song, sweet and joyous,  
Rose and fell upon the air,  
And a child's laugh echoed near me,  
And the sun shone everywhere;  
And the minor changed to major,  
As the brook went laughing by;  
For all things looked up and trusted  
Him who rules the earth and sky.

Providence, R. I.

## Thoughts for the Toughful

O heart, that shrinkest back appalled,—  
So fearful duty's way and steep,—  
Know that where'er God's voice hath called,  
His hand will keep. — Samuel Longfellow.

It is dreadful to breathe God's breath, and  
not become by it a living soul. — Lucy Larcom.

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life, and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can. — Henry Van Dyke.

Every sorrow shall be but the setting of some luminous jewel of joy. Our very mourning shall be but the enamel around the diamond; our very hardships but the metallic rim that holds the opal, glancing with strange interior fire. — Henry Ward Beecher.

Here is a girl practising music. She doesn't expect to play the "Songs without Words" right away. She knows there is nothing for it but drudgery with the scales. Yet in the matter of practising Christianity, somehow we all expect to become Paderewskis in a single lesson. — Russel Sewall.

True peace is the fruit of spirituality; therefore it is an inflow from the oceanfulness of God. The world cannot give it; a man cannot give it to himself, nor win it by mere resolution. In right conditions, it comes, like heavenly-mindedness, of which it is a part. — Rev. Charles G. Ames.

All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed falls into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity, and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. . . . The influence of a word in season, is it not incalculable? — Amiel.

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person — having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, cer-

tain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away! — Dinah Mulock Craik.

All along our earthly life we are shut in with God, as it were, in little spaces. We must live a day at a time. The mornings are little hilltops from which we can look down into the narrow valley of one little day. What lies over the next hill we cannot tell. Perhaps, when we come to it, it may reveal to us a lovely garden through which our path shall go on. Or it may show us a vale of shadows, or a path amid briars. No matter; we have but the one little valley of the day now in sight. Evening is our horizon. Here in this one little day's enclosure we can rest as in a refuge. Tomorrow's storms and cares cannot touch us. — J. R. Miller, D. D.

Epictetus asked to be shown a man who was sick, or in danger, or dying, and yet happy. Christianity could show him multitudes. "Our people die well," said Wesley. They have faced, as did Ignatius and many a one after him, the most hideous tortures, and yet were happy. That the tragic, as all else in life, is indeed a concealed beneficence, working on as for the highest ends, comes out in that individual conviction which, as Ritschl finely puts it, "founds its belief in Providence not so much from the study of the fortunes of others as from the study of our own." To Ritschl on this point echoes R. L. Stevenson: "If I, from my spyhole looking with purblind eyes upon the least part of a fraction of the universe, yet perceive in my own life's destiny some broken evidences of a plan and some signals of an overruling goodness, shall I then be so mad as to complain that all cannot be deciphered?" — Christian World.

We remember a parable in which a preacher says, "Look at this flute; it was a piece of wood; what has made it a flute? The rifts, the holes, in it." What life is there through which affliction does not make some rift? All went well till then; but through that rift in the life came thought and feeling. "So," said the preacher, "I listened to a flute one day, complaining that it was spoiled by having a number of holes bored in it. 'Once,' it said, 'I was a piece of wood, very beautiful to look upon; now I am spoiled by all these rifts and holes;' and it said all this mournfully and musically. 'O thou toolish flute,' I said, 'without these rifts and holes thou wouldst only be a mere stick, a bit of mere hard, black ebony, soon to be thrown away. These rifts and holes have been the making of thee; they have made thee into a flute; they are thy life, thy character, thy music and melody, and thou wilt not now be cast aside with contempt, but touched by even the fingers of future generations.'" — Sunday at Home.

The heart-shaped wedge of iron, which was to form part of the new machinery, had been carried away almost red hot from the furnace—stolen by those opposed to the new invention, and buried in the ground. Search was made at once, but snow had fallen, and all trace of the hiding place was lost. But the hot iron warmed the earth above it and melted the snow, and when morning came there was an odd little patch of bare ground that told its own story to observant eyes. "Did they really suppose they could hide that red-hot heart under snow, and have it stay hid?" sneered a foundryman as the wedge was dug out.

And yet so often we are gravely told of the warm heart hidden under an icy ex-

terior, of the affection, tenderness, and general kind-heartedness that never manifest themselves in words or deeds. Forms of expression may vary, but some expression there must be; love cannot exist and throw no warmth round it. The heart that is aglow with tenderness and sympathy for others will send some sign to the surface. If it never does, we need not flatter ourselves that we are "really warm-hearted under a cold exterior." If the inner warmth does not thaw its way outward, the outer cold freezes its way inward. — Wellspring.

Master, to do great work for Thee, my hand is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit — Some little chips to cut with care minute, Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand Before their quarried marble fair and grand, And make a life work of the great design Which Thou hast traced; or many skilled combine To build vast temples, gloriously planned. Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought, Just one by one, as they were given by Thee, Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought; Set each stone by Thy master-hand of grace; Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me, And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.

— Frances Ridley Havergal.

## FORGIVEN

AGNES L. PRATT.

THE little church with its snow-white spire, like an angel's finger pointing ever upward, stands open by the roadside. Overhead, the sky, like a jeweled banner of cerulean blue, is draped in shining, wind-blown folds. The breath of the old-fashioned flowers is very sweet, mingling with the scent from the dew-damp meadows in the distance.

Far down the narrow stretch of yellow, sandy road, twinkling lights, beacons of a hundred homes of plenty, shine out like watchful eyes through the quiet night. Inside the church a solemn stillness prevails.

The lights burn dimly, and long shadows seek the farthest corners and there congregate in fantastic groups. Presently out through the open door and into the hush of the summer twilight a voice penetrates. A man near the front of the room is praying in deep tones for that forgiveness of sins which all of us need so much. Then the prayer closes, a parting hymn is sung, and the lights in the little church flicker and go down as its congregation files quietly out and down the narrow street.

Among the last is the man who had uttered the fervent prayer, and by his side walks a little woman all in black, with melancholy expression and pale features. There is scarcely a word spoken as each brushes the lush grass in passing, or stirs some singing insect from its humble shelter. A broad, unpainted house looms up just ahead of them. Its rude fence is covered thickly with dark, creeping vines, and just inside its gate grow a dozen kinds of old-fashioned flowers luxuriantly.

There is a little gleam of light in the kitchen window, shining out on the path to the door with friendly radiance. It is the man who reaches the low stone step in advance, and, raising the rusting latch, pushes open the door. The room is in semi-darkness, and before he has accustomed his eyes to its dim half-lights the woman at his side has entered.



With a start, she discovers a shrinking figure in the gloom, standing as if she had just risen, near the table; and she recognizes it.

"Helen!" she gasps, feebly, and the girl lifts her face to hers.

But the deep voice that had prayed so fervently but a short half-hour since, interposes.

"You here!" he utters, sternly. "And what has brought you?"

"O father!" A pair of beseeching blue eyes are raised to his face, and two hands reach out in piteous pleading to him. "I have come because — because I want you to forgive me, because I love my home and I cannot bear that its doors should be closed to me — and mine. I have come because" — here the pleading voice grew intense in its pitiful entreaty — "because my mother needs me. Can't you see that you are killing her?"

He turned and looked at the shrinking figure with averted face.

"You have chosen your path," he said, with terrible distinctness and slowness, "and now you must walk in it. No one shall say that a child of John Evans can disgrace him and call this her home."

The deep silence that had fallen on the room was broken only by the monotonous ticking of the big wooden clock on the mantel. Then the girl moved from her place near the table and dropped on her knees at her father's feet.

"Father," she implored, "forgive me! I did not know, when you told me, that you could be so severe. I thought — you would have mercy — when you saw that my mother was dying."

Again he turned that searching glance on the woman at his side; but she neither stirred nor spoke.

The moonlight fell in sweeping lines on the garden outside, and a gentle wind stirred the heads of the flowers so that they nodded sadly in one another's faces.

"I have told you" —

He moved slightly, away from the beseeching eyes that had held him, and the tones of his voice sank on her heart like the rain of leaden bullets on a battlefield.

"I told you, then, how it would be, when you disobeyed and disgraced me. You went your way. You married the man I had forbidden this house, rose in the night when your mother and I were sleeping, and went with him. And now — go your way!"

The echoes of the hard voice died away on the stillness that prevailed in the room, and the girl rose to her feet.

"Then," she said, in a low and pained voice, "then you will not allow me to see her, my mother, will not let her come to me? It is for her sake that I have come here tonight. People have told me" — her voice broke and grew husky before she resumed — "that she was dying for a sight of me, her youngest born. I thought," wearily, "it was worth while to beg you for the forgiveness which you have denied me, but — I did not know how hard, how very hard, you could be. I ought to have known" — a new bitterness crept into the passionate voice as she continued — "for I am — I was, your daughter, and this has been my home."

"You are right."

Coldly and clearly the cruel words fell

on her ears and on the writhing soul of the little woman in black, among the grisly shadows that rested on her face, her hair, her hands.

"You once were daughter of mine, of this house; but you forfeited that right when you disobeyed me and brought dishonor to your home. Go!" He pointed to the time-stained door. "This is no longer your home. Let this be the last time you darken its doors."

She gave a last, fleeting glance at the stalwart figure, its coldly unseeing eyes and raised right arm, and one long, tender look at the bowed head of the woman who was sobbing softly near her. She stooped and stroked the wrinkled face, the frosted hair.

"Mother," she whispered, brokenly, "mother dear, good-bye!"

The door opened and closed. A slender figure hurried down the narrow path to the weather-beaten gate, crushing the drooping blossoms at every step, passed out into the quiet fields and the moonlight, and was soon lost to view down the sinuous, sandy road. A woman, broken-hearted, reached out two trembling arms and whispered something that sounded like, "Come back!" then turned away into the shadows of the low-ceiled room and her lonely life. The stern-visaged man lifted the lamp from the little table, went over to the shelf, and wound [the clock, then saying, not unkindly, "Come, Hannah, it is bedtime," preceded her up the narrow flight of steep stairs that led to his chamber.

In all his life of twoscore years and ten Deacon John Evans had walked uprightly, dealing honestly alike with friend and stranger; and he had been prospered. His barns and storehouses groaned with the fatness of the land, and his cattle and horses were sleek and contented looking. There was no blemish on his name until his youngest born had willfully chosen the path he had not marked out for her, and clandestinely walked therein, regardless of his repeated warnings.

It had been a great sorrow to him; and whenever he prayed as he had tonight that the Lord would forgive the erring, he had always in mind the golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, who had grown from a winsome child to a viper — and had stung him!

Patiently the woman with the melancholy eyes lifted her burden, and uncomplainingly bore it down toward the sunset. But each day dark shadows widened in her eyes and her face grew thinner.

Winter sifted the powdery snows down the hillsides and wrapped the sleeping earth in a soft blanket. Spring drenched the skies with opalescent hues and sprinkled the velvet turf with fragrant bloom. Then summer burned deep yellow tints and spread a silvery haze on the arching skies overhead, while in field and on hillside ripened the yellow corn and luscious fruits. Over the garden wall a crimson-cheeked apple dropped. A blushing purple spread itself over grapes that hung in woodland haunts, the skies grew pale and dreamy, the moon dropped down on the horizon in a silver boat, and the autumn had come.

It was late afternoon, and work for the day was over. Slowly the sleek cows were coming home for the milking, and

in their rear the upright deacon walked thoughtfully. Brown, stubbly fields reaching out at his right hand were his; the low meadow with its running, silvery brook that glistened redly in the brilliant sunset glow, and the darkly wooded hills rising blue against the bluer skies — all, all were his.

Smoke curled up lazily from the wide chimney of the dun-colored house just ahead of him. Its door was open, but, as he entered, an air of unaccustomed stillness pervaded the homely kitchen. He paused in the doorway a moment and surveyed the interior.

Then he went to the stairway and called loudly: "Hannah! Hannah!"

The empty walls gave back the echo.

Never before had he missed that careworn face, those sadly drooping eyes, when he had come home at eventide. The air blew damply in at the wide-open kitchen door and he stepped back and closed it tightly.

On a chair, near the table, a rusty black shawl had been thrown, and something in its folds recalled to his mind the unhappy heart that had beat beneath it.

Suddenly the gleam of something white caught his eye. A piece of folded paper lay on the table, fastened to the wood with a darning needle. He lifted it and glanced at its chirography in the fading light. It was weak and trembling and evidently scrawled with great difficulty.

With a growing heaviness at his heart he groped around for a match and lighted the lamp. A careful search brought to light his spectacles, and then, in the midst of the shadows and the loneliness, he bent over the paper and deciphered its contents. It began quite simply, without date:

JOHN: When you read this, I shall be gone, gone forever out of your life unless you open your heart and seek the forgiveness which you need as much as she, our daughter, does. I have risen while you are sleeping, and am writing this, at midnight, alone in the kitchen. I shall leave it where you can find it, for tomorrow, while you are in the field, I am going to leave you and go where I may at least have a little love, a little kindness. I know you will never follow me — there. I have tried and tried to say it is God's will and to bear it patiently, but you cannot see, what every one else knows, that I am dying by inches, starved for a little of the love that all human creatures must possess, or die. Your life is loveless. You may as well live it alone as for me to share it. I am going to my child, and if it be wicked, I shall look to God, and not to you, for forgiveness. You have prayed — I have sat and listened when you asked God to forgive you your sins — and yet when your child knelt at your feet and supplicated, you turned away and would not forgive her. How can you expect forgiveness if you will not forgive?

I am going to her because she loves me. I am leaving you because you love neither her nor me. If I am wrong in thus doing, may God forgive me, as I forgave her when she committed the error for which you are pitiless. And may God forgive you for your heartlessness as readily as I do now!

That was all.

The last words, hurriedly written, were blotted and well-nigh effaced with the bitter tears that had fallen there.

Through the open doors of the great barn the sound of the cattle eating their evening meal came steadily. A bright star gleamed just above the horizon which

was still faintly crimson from the departing sunset's splendor.

Outside, in the fields, all was silence save the death-song of the insect world for the passing summer. A few late flowers blossomed brightly in the front yard. The weather-beaten gate, with its weight of fading vines, creaked loudly on its hinges as the tall figure of a man passed through it and down the narrow, yellow road that wound away into the starlit darkness. There were traces of tears still visible on his cheeks and a softened light in his eyes. He had met himself, face to face, in that low-walled room up yonder, and now he was going with unflagging feet where he was sure he should meet forgiveness and love, even as he had when he sought them at the Father's throne.

The peaceful night drooped her sheltering wings over the wooded hillsides and the quiet valleys; and the humble homes from whose windows twinkled welcoming lights were wrapped likewise in the kindly folds of God's eternal love.

Taunton, Mass.

### RECOMPENSE

Out from an oaken carving, with a boyish, patrician grace,  
Smiles at me, all the daytime through, a dear little baby face;  
A quaint, sturdy child, with the sunlight caught in the rings of hair,  
With eyes like the sloes' soft mazes with the shadows lingering there.

Quiet he sits in the carving, and smiles at the passers-by,  
But sometimes, when the daylight fades, and only he and I  
Sit in the deepening twilight, from the deep oaken frame he trips,  
And into my aching, empty arms the little lost one slips.

I feel the soft arms round my throat, and then a long, close embrace;  
How the warm little fingers in my own lace and interlace!  
My mother's heart, that bore so long the bitterest human pain,  
For one short hour forgets its grief, and laughs with the child again.

When footsteps approach the doorway, then back to his frame he slips,  
Cold as death grow my pulses all, and white to the very lips;  
I moan for the lost, lost baby, who smiles from his frame to me,  
Yet know the same Power holds me close, that set the dear one free.

So, never my arms are empty quite, never an empty hand,  
Though he has gone from the sight of men, baby and I understand;  
Some day when the shadows lengthen, out of his frame he will trip,  
And into the dawn of the Sunset Land baby and I will slip.

— RUTH STERRY, in N. Y. Observer.

### A Place for the Heart

"I MARRIED you in order to love you in God, and according to the need of my heart, and in order to have in the midst of the strange world a place for my heart, which all the world's bleak winds cannot chill, and where I may find the warmth of the home-fire, to which I eagerly betake myself when it is stormy and cold without." Can you imagine whose words are these? Perhaps you might say they were written by some love-sick sentimentalist; but you would mistake. They are found in the "Love Letters of Prince Bismarck," which have just been published, and from their ample pages you could cull a hundred similar passages. There are many different judgments of Prince Bismarck current in the world

today, but whatever men may think of his statesmanship or his personal character there cannot be two opinions as to the purity and depth of his affection for Johanna von Puttkamer, his bride and the mother of his children. Probably she was the greatest single force that ever entered his life. She does not seem to have been an intellectual or a brilliant woman, but she was clean-minded, sensible, and full of sentiment for her husband. And he found in her "a place for his heart." Does not that happy phrase throw more than a flickering beam of light upon the conditions to an ideal marriage? — *Watchman*.

### DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS

SOME will say, perhaps: "One cannot always be cheerful. How can one be cheerful with rheumatism, with disappointment and want and hard labor? How can one be cheerful when the cares of life chafe and fret the heart, and burdens press heavily on the weary soul?" Some answer to this question I shall attempt. We must remember that the most cheerful people are not those who are least invaded by sorrow and pain. The spirit may be invincible. We must not forget that always very much depends on our own deliberate purpose. If we concentrate our gaze on a dark object, soon all light fades out of our field of vision and we see only the dark. We magnify the ills of life by contemplating them. We think about the distressful things, while the pleasant things come and go often unnoticed.

There is another and a better way: *Resolve persistently to look on the bright side*, to see the good. In a homely allegory, two buckets suspended from the shoulders of a water-carrier talked together. Said one, dolefully: "No matter how full we go away, we always come back empty." "Oh," said the other, "I never thought of it in that way. I think, no matter how empty we come back, we always go away full." The determination to see the good rather than the bad is not the abandonment of criticism. Criticism is not fault-finding; it is not mainly or chiefly ability to detect flaws and blotches. If I were a teacher, I should use examples of bad rhetoric for correction by pupils very sparingly; rather, I should keep before them the great masters of noble prose and beautiful verse, and form their taste by a study of the best. Look, then, for the bright side of life; not merely because this will yield the most pleasure, but because it will produce the best life. True cheerfulness is a moral achievement; and to cultivate the capacity for seeing and rejoicing in the good, the beautiful, and the true, is a duty. We readily grant that it is a duty to give, to pray, and to work; but quite as much it is a duty to be bright, to look up, to have the cheery mood and speak the cheering word.

Cheerfulness in the home is the sunshine that fosters all the virtues. It makes work light, softens care, heals the wounds got from the collisions and abrasions of outside experience, and keeps courage alive. However hard a man's work may be, and however depressing the influences that surround him in the daily struggle for bread, if he can retreat at evening to a cheerful home, he will recover moral vigor while he renews his physical strength by rest. The child, taxed and fretted by the tasks and vexations of school life, finds in a cheerful home an atmosphere that soothes and heals all its weariness and irritation. The mother, who lives most constantly in the home, and bears its heaviest burdens, is fortified against the forces that sap her energy by the cheerfulness of those about her. Upon every one in the home, then, rests the weighty obligation to be cheerful, to con-

quer temptations to moroseness and gloominess, and to keep a sunny temper. The spirit that is cheerful in the home will be cheerful everywhere, for the cheerfulness is not a passing mood, but a habit and grace.

Keep the home cheerful. Look on the bright side of its inmates and its experiences. Have open eyes for the virtues and charms of father and mother and brother and sister. Put away "blues" and bad tempers and all unkindness with firm resolution, and the home, though it be wanting in many things that money could buy, will be rich in that which is beyond all price. It will be the abiding-place of tender affections and beautiful courtesies and wholesome mirth and joy that contain no drop of bitterness. — P. S. Moxom, D. D., in *Good Housekeeping*.

### W. H. M. S. Notes

— Mrs. L. P. Williams, secretary of the Oriental Bureau of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, has been seriously ill, but is rapidly recovering, to the great joy of her friends.

— Miss Margaret Wilson, formerly an instructor in the National Training School of the W. H. M. S. at Washington, D. C., has taken up similar work in the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home in Cincinnati.

— The first training school for colored deaconesses in the country has been opened in Cincinnati, O. Lexington Conference (colored) has adopted the deaconess work, and is much interested in the development of this school. The first class consists of seven members.

— During the twenty years of the life of the W. H. M. S. it has accumulated property to the extent of \$736,152, upon which there is the small indebtedness of \$36,000. This is a good record for so brief a time.

— The new Home for Orientals in San Francisco is nearly completed. Mrs. L. P. Williams, secretary for Orientals, has put much time and thought and actual labor into this work, and it is hoped that friends of the W. H. M. S. all over the country will feel like helping in this enterprise, at least to the extent of naming a window — \$10.

— Miss Henrietta A. Bancroft has been doing excellent service in the New England Conferences during the past few weeks. Her engagements have been numerous, and she has been everywhere greeted with enthusiasm. Her intimate acquaintance with the work of the Society enables her to speak upon almost any line of its work with intelligence and success.

— The three Eastern Conferences which are expecting to entertain the annual convention of the W. H. M. S. in New York city next autumn, have preparations well under way already for the entertainment of the delegates. It is believed that everything will be in readiness to give the friends of the Society a royal welcome on the 6th of November next.

— Among the needs for the development of the work in Porto Rico is that of a Home for our deaconesses. Such a Home would speedily become a centre of Christian work and influence. A nurse deaconess should be one of the members of the Home, and with the two excellent visiting deaconesses already on the ground, a work of importance could be done. It is hoped that friends of the Society will remember this, and contribute according to their means to the speedy opening of a Home in San Juan.

— The Epworth Leagues of Dodge City District of the Southwest Kansas Conference have paid the larger part of the ex-



pense of keeping one of their own number in the National Training School for Deaconesses at Washington, D. C., during the past six months, and will continue their help until the young woman has completed her training. The Circles and Bands of the W. H. M. S. of the Conference have also aided in this work.

### SCHOOL DAYS

Lord, let me make this rule:  
To think of life as school,  
And try my best  
To stand each test,  
And do my work,  
And do nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine  
This dullard head of mine,  
Should I be sad?  
I will be glad.  
To do my best  
Is Thy behest.

If weary with my book,  
I cast a wistful look  
Where posies grow,  
Oh, let me know  
That flowers within  
Are best to win!

Dost take my book away,  
Anon to let me play  
And let me out  
To run about?  
I grateful bless  
Thee for recess.

Then, recess past, alack!  
I turn me slowly back,  
On my hard bench  
My hands to clench,  
And set my heart  
To learn my part.

These lessons Thou dost give  
To teach me how to live,  
To do, to bear,  
To get and share,  
To work and pray  
And trust alway.

What though I may not ask  
To choose my daily task?  
Thou hast decreed  
To meet my need.  
What pleases Thee,  
That shall please me.

Some day the bell will sound,  
Some day my heart will bound,  
As, with a shout  
That school is out  
And lessons done,  
I homeward run.

—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK, D. D., in *Christian Endeavor World*.

### BOYS AND GIRLS

#### HOW ELEANOR SPENT HER BIRTHDAY

IT was Eleanor's birthday. She stood looking out of the window of her pretty room, surrounded by gifts—and yet she was far from happy.

"It's so mean, mother, that I should have a cold this time of all others. Gertrude always gives such lovely parties, and it's such a disappointment to miss it," she fretted.

"I know, dear; but when you are over the cold you shall have a party."

Eleanor, however, was not to be pacified by any promises of future happiness.

"I'm tired of dolls," she complained. "Every birthday Aunt Helen sends me a doll—and I wish she'd send me something else."

She gazed out at the shabby little house in the alley.

"Some people have moved into that house right back of us, mother. See, there's a little girl at the window, and did you ever see such a looking doll?"

As Mrs. Irving looked she saw a pale,

thin, small face pressed against the dingy little pane, and a battered doll, wrapped in a shawl, held close in the thin arms. The day was mild, and the little girl feebly pushed up the window and leaned out.

Just then a Newfoundland pup came bounding up the alley, ready for a romp with some one. Seeing the little girl at the window he sprang towards her. She jumped and drew back, dropping the precious doll on the pavement. The dog seemed to consider it a plaything for his special benefit. He picked it up, shook it, and shook it again, and then ran off with it in his mouth, strewing bits of doll all over the alley.

"Why doesn't she run after it?" asked Eleanor; but the little girl looked after the dog with a distressed, helpless look, and then laid her head down on the sill and Eleanor could see she was crying.

"I believe she's sick," said Mrs. Irving, "and that doll was all she had, she seemed to love it so."

"O mother, and I have so many! Mother, do go over quick, and see what's the matter. Take her one of mine. I can spare it. Take Gladys!"

Gladys was a pink-and-white-faced young lady, with yellow curls and a dainty white dress with blue ribbons.

"Do you mean it, dear?"

"Yes, oh, yes! I'm so sorry for her, and I have so many I won't miss Gladys at all."

Eleanor could hardly restrain her impatience as she watched her mother cross the yard to the window at which the little girl sat, and, after a few words, disappear inside the door. The pale face brightened as it looked up at the window of the big house at Eleanor, and the girl kissed her thin little hand.

It seemed as if Eleanor's face had caught the reflection of the sunshine on the pale one opposite when Mrs. Irving rejoined her little daughter.

"Is she sick, mother? Is she very poor—and did she like Gladys?"

"Yes, she's very sick, and she's very poor, and you never saw a little girl as pleased as she is with Gladys. The poor little thing is a cripple. Her mother is dead, and her father has to work early and late. He dresses and fixes her in the chair before he leaves in the morning, and there she has to stay until he comes back."

"Mother," and Eleanor looked very solemn, "I'm glad she's my neighbor."

"Yes, dear! We can do a great deal for her to make her life less miserable."

"I'm so sorry I can't go out. I'd go right over to see her and take her some of the fruit Uncle Howard sent me this morning. Oh! I know what I'll do. When Frank comes home from school I'll ask him to fix me a telegraph wire, like the one he and Fred Morris used to have, and I can send her things that way."

It seemed to Eleanor as if four o'clock would never come, but it did at last, and with it Frank. He entered into the plan heartily and went to work. It was hard to tell which little girl was more interested—the one at the plate-glass window of the big mansion, or the one pressing her pale face against the little pane of the rickety house in the alley.

At last the wire was strung between the

two windows. Eleanor took a bunch of white grapes and a red-cheeked pear and put them into a dainty basket. Then she wrote on a sheet of her new note paper with pictures of children at the top:

I'm awful sorry you're sick. I'm sick myself, but not all the time like you. I hope you like grapes and pears—and I hope you like Gladys. Good-bye. Your loving friend,  
ELEANOR IRVING.

Frank sent it across the wire for her, as she could not go near the open window, but she stood at the next one and watched gleefully. She could see the look of delight on her little friend's face as the basket slowly wended its way along the wire and finally reached the dingy little window.

In a few minutes it came back, apparently empty, but Eleanor found in the bottom a note, scrawled with a dull pencil on a scrap of wrapping paper:

You are so good to me. Thank you a thousand times. I like grapes and pears—I never tasted such good ones—and I love Gladys. I can't send you anything only my love.  
Your friend,  
SARAH GREY.

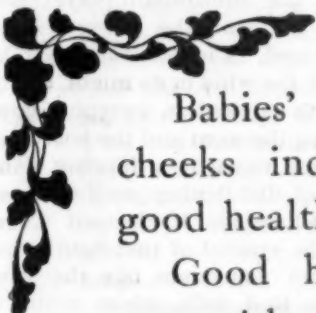
The next time the wire pulled, Sarah saw coming toward her a square box. Her curiosity was great, and her big eyes danced. When it reached the window she discovered some pretty note paper like Eleanor's, some nicely sharpened pencils, and another note from her friend.

The next thing that went over was a book, one of Eleanor's best stories, for Sarah to read; and later a small bag of taffy, Frank's contribution, was sent over. Darkness came all too soon for both girls, and then the wire had to be abandoned.

Eleanor and her mother sat around the brightly lighted table, and Eleanor was saying, "Mother, I felt so miserable and unhappy this morning, and I know I was cross, even though it was my birthday and I got so many presents; and now I feel so happy!"


"You see you forgot all about Eleanor Irving and her aches and pains and disappointments."

And Sarah sat at the window, waiting for her father, looking with happy eyes toward the lights in the big house, and hugging Gladys close to her heart, saying to herself that it had been the happiest day of her life. —ANNE GUILBERT MAHON, in *Christian Work*.



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MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,  
BOSTON, MASS.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

### Second Quarter Lesson VII

SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1901.

ACTS 2: 1-11.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

### THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN

#### I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *When He, the spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.* — John 16: 13.

2. **DATE:** A. D. 30, ten days after the Ascension. Pentecost probably occurred on Sunday. Counting forty-nine days (seven weeks) from the end of Saturday, the 16th of Nisan, would bring the fiftieth day on Sunday; "hence the festival has been perpetuated in the Christian Church as Whitsunday" (Smith); "It was the ancient belief of the ancient church that the pentecostal day was Sunday" (Wordsworth).

3. **PLACE:** Jerusalem.

4. **CONNECTION:** The election of Matthias to the apostleship in the place of Judas (Acts 1: 15-26). Nothing further is known of Matthias beyond his election.

5. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — Acts 2: 1-11. Tuesday — Acts 2: 12-21. Wednesday — Acts 2: 37-47. Thursday — Acts 4: 23-31. Friday — Joel 2: 28-32. Saturday — John 14: 15-26. Sunday — John 16: 1-14.

#### II Introductory

Ten days had passed, and the apostles still waited on their knees. "The promise of the Father" had not yet been fulfilled. Day after day they had gathered in the upper room with longing hearts, and day after day their fervent and united prayers had brought no blessing. In the intensity of their hunger for the baptism of power, all selfish purposes and hopes had been forgotten, and the vision of the expected material kingdom had faded from their minds. Pentecost had dawned, and Jerusalem was crowded with devotees from every part of the world; but the followers of Jesus had something more engrossing to think about than the festival of the first fruits. Early in the morning, with a desire sharpened by delay, with an agreement touching "the one thing" which in itself assured success, they assembled, and the concordant prayer again went up. Suddenly the answer came — first, "a sound," a mysterious sigh, like the rush of the wind in its might, and yet the air was motionless, sweeping downward, filling the room and the house; and at the same moment a dazzling flame, parting and distributing itself over each bowed head, where it gleamed tongue-shaped — fit symbol of that Spirit whose comings and goings are like the wind, blowing as God wills, whose sound we may hear, but whose path we cannot trace; and of that inward fire which not seldom "makes the stammering tongue of the ignorant to utter words glowing with inspiration." And with these external signs came the inner illumination and power. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost," and, to enable them at once to enter upon the great commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, "they began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

The "sound" was heard beyond the precincts of the house where the disciples were gathered. Public attention was

quickly arrested. The crowds hurrying through the streets to the temple service turned aside to inquire into the meaning of this mysterious "sound." They made their way into the house and up to the upper room, and there, to their great astonishment, they saw a company of people whose faces shone with a wondrous light, and who, carried beyond themselves in a sort of ecstasy, were praising God with tongues intelligible to every alien Jew or proselyte then visiting the great city. It mattered not from what remote district, drawn by the instincts of devotion, they had come to the solemn festival — each and all, to their utter amazement, heard the mighty works of God proclaimed by these Galileans in tones and accents which they perfectly understood. It made some of them wonder; it made others mock. "God-drunken men," as the Germans phrase it — men intoxicated with the new wine of the Spirit — were a novelty under the sun. To these orderly spectators these ecstatic praises and uncontrollable gestures and inexplicable fluency seemed like the wild ravings of fanaticism; or, perhaps their tongues had been loosened by another and more sensuous element — perhaps they had been imbibing too freely of the sweet wine used at the feast.

#### III Expository

1, 2. **Day of pentecost** — the fiftieth day from the second day of the Passover; one of the three great feasts which required the attendance at Jerusalem of every male Jew; called, also, "the day of first-fruits" (Numbers 28: 26) and also the feast harvest; called, also, by the later Jews, "the feast of the Law," because it was supposed to commemorate the giving of the law by Moses seven weeks after leaving Egypt. Its original purpose was the offering of first-fruits as a thanksgiving for the harvest. Was fully (R. V., "was now") come. — It had fully dawned; the time was early in the morning. All with one accord (R. V., "all together") in one place — not the apostles merely, but the one hundred and twenty mentioned in the preceding chapter, including the women. The place was the "upper room," in which the disciples gathered after the Ascension. Plumptre suggests that they had probably spent the night in prayer, following the example of devout Jews who used to solemnize the vigil of Pentecost by a special thanksgiving to God for giving His law. Suddenly — without premonition. A sound. — We are told what it was like, but the sound itself was indescribable. Farrar thinks it was the *Bath Kol* ("daughter of a voice"), the voice of Jehovah, which was heard speaking to Jesus on one or two occasions, and which was likened by some to thunder. From heaven. — Its source was unmistakable. It came down — did not sweep across. As of a rushing mighty wind (R. V., "as of the rushing of a mighty wind"). — It was not wind, but it resembled it. This unaccountable "sound" fell like a heavenly gust or tornado, but the air was calm. It was felt throughout the house, and perhaps for quite a radius around it. Our Lord used the same Greek word for both "Spirit" and "wind" in His conversation with Nicodemus.

3. **Appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire** (R. V., "tongues parting asunder, like as of fire") — "a shower of fiery tongues," distributed over the head of each from a common centre. The tongues resembled fire, but were not fire. They were

"the phenomenal emblem of the invisible Spirit, His divine essence, as it were, made visible" (Whedon). Alford notices that the "sound" was "the Spirit's symbol to the ear," and the "fire" His "symbol to the eye." It sat upon each — the Spirit, as symbolized by the tongue of flame. All present shared in this startling manifestation. How long it "sat" we are not told, but sufficiently long to show that it was not a momentary flash. The tongue shape signified the instrument by which they were to spread the Gospel; not by the sword, but by "the word of their testimony." Says Arthur: "It was 'a tongue of fire' — man's voice, God's truth; man's speech, the Holy Spirit's inspiration; a human organ, a superhuman power." Rabbinical writers assert that halos, or other shapes of fire, were sometimes seen above the heads of distinguished rabbis.

4. **All filled with the Holy Ghost** (R. V., "Holy Spirit") — not merely influenced, but "filled;" every faculty of their individual beings touched, pervaded, by the Spirit Divine, so that the effect was an ecstasy of love, joy and praise, together with the extraordinary endowment for the time being of the power to communicate their feelings in various dialects. Before this momentous hour it had been said of others that they were filled with the Holy Spirit (Elizabeth, Zacharias, John the Baptist, and others), but never had the Spirit fallen upon an entire assembly before; never had He been bestowed in the plenitude of His graces, as the *abiding* Comforter, Strength and Guide. Evidently the advent of the Spirit on this occasion marked an era, a new dispensation, in human history. Began to speak with other tongues. —

## Scrofula

Is a disease as old as antiquity, and as young as the newest born infant.

It has infected the blood of humanity from ancient times down to the present minute.

It is hereditary or may be acquired.

It appears in swollen glands, scrofulous sores, hip disease, boils, pimples, eruptions, and, as believed by high authorities, even in the forms of catarrh and rheumatism.

It can be cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently.

We know this, because Hood's Sarsaparilla has done it.

It will cure you if you give it a trial.

You should begin to take it today.

**Hip Disease** — "I suffered from hip disease; had 5 running sores; used crutches and each winter I was confined to my bed for weeks at a time. Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished a perfect cure — saved my life. I have a good appetite and feel strong and well." ANNIE ROBERT, 49 Fourth St., Fall River, Mass.

**In Her Eyes** — "My little girl had scrofula and sores appeared in her eyes. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured her and she has never had scrofula since." MRS. HOWARD POPE, Alpha, Oregon.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

## HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Is sold by all druggists. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.



This "polyglottal" miracle is variously interpreted. The common, natural view, that the disciples were temporarily, divinely empowered to speak in languages utterly unknown to them before, has never been successfully controverted. That the gift was not a permanent one — that, for example, "the gift of tongues" spoken of in Corinthians was a different thing entirely from this extraordinary gift at Pentecost, and that the apostles were not, on this occasion, endowed with the power to preach the Gospel among the nations in languages which they had not acquired — is clearly shown by Farrar in his "Life of St. Paul." The gift, in short, was a mere sign, not lasting beyond the present occasion, and not a gift bestowed for future use" (Alford). Whedon conjectures that the miracle was in the hearing, not in the speaking; that, just as, according to tradition, the one self-same voice at Sinai was audible and intelligent to every man of all the seventy dialects of the world, so it might have been on this occasion. "The speaker's organs furnished the vocality which the Spirit shaped, and, as it were, translated into each hearer's native tongue."

The voice they uttered was awful in its range, in its tone, in its modulations, in its startling, penetrating, almost appalling power; the words they spoke were exalted, intense, passionate, full of mystical significance; the language they used was not their ordinary and familiar tongue, but was Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, or Aramaic, or Persian, or Arabic, as some overpowering and unconscious impulse of the moment might direct; the burden of their thoughts was the ejaculation of rapture, of amazement, of thanksgiving, of prayer, of impassioned psalm, of dithyrambic hymn; their utterances were addressed not to each other, but were like an inspired soliloquy of the soul with God (Farrar).

5-8. **Dwelling at Jerusalem** — both pilgrims and residents. **Devout** — men who feared God, and, like Simeon, were waiting for "the consolation of Israel." **Out of (R. V., "from") every nation.** — At this time the Jews were found in every nation and city. They were almost omnipresent. **When this was noised abroad** (R. V., "when this sound was heard") — the sound that resembled the wind; it was heard all through the neighborhood, and, many commentators think, through the whole city. **Multitudes came together.** — Probably the sound, in its intensity, was so heard by the passer-by as to identify the house; others running from a distance would find the house especially thronged and the centre of a growing excitement. **Were confounded** — at the divers tongues mentioned above. It is not supposed that each inspired disciple spoke several languages, but that "each spoke some one so that all were heard" (Abbott). **Are not all these Galileans?** — uncultivated, provincial men, mostly from Galilee? The spectators talk to one another in their perplexity and surprise. It was perfectly unaccountable to them that such rude, ignorant peasants could speak foreign tongues and dialects, so that a Persian Jew heard Persian, an Egyptian, Coptic, etc. The wide dispersion of the Jews is shown in the following catalogue of fifteen nations or dialects, beginning in the remotest east and sweeping to the west and south.

9-11. **Parthians** — dwelling in the wide region extending "from India to the Tigris, and from the desert of Khiva to the Southern Ocean" (Cook). **Medes** — from west of Parthia, south of the Caspian Sea. **Elamites** — the Babylonian district. These divisions thus far named comprised portions of the old Persian Empire, where Shalmanezzer (B. C. 721) settled the ten tribes at the first captivity. **Mesopotamia** — between the Euphrates and the Tigris, the early home of Abraham, and the district

where Nebuchadnezzar (B. C. 606) settled his victims of the captivity. **Judea** — probably mentioned because the home language was spoken by Galileans besides the foreign tongues. **Cappadocia, Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia** — five provinces of Asia Minor. The Asia in the list was not our Asia Minor, but proconsular Asia, the section on the west coast of Asia Minor, having Ephesus as a capital, and embracing the district where "the seven churches" were located. **Egypt.** — When this book was written, about two-fifths of the population of Alexandria were Jews. **Libya about Cyrene.** — Libya was the name of the district (west of Egypt) and Cyrene was one of its chief cities; a fourth of the population of the latter were Jews. **Strangers of Rome** (R. V., "sojourners from Rome"). — Rome, too, was peopled largely with Jews. **Jews and proselytes** — applied to all the nationalities preceding; some of these foreigners were of Jewish descent, and some were converts from heathenism. **Cretes** — now Candia, an island in the Mediterranean. **Arabians** — Ishmael's descendants, dwelling between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. **Speak . . . the mighty works of God** — different tongues, but one theme — "thus offering to God on this the birthday of the new creation the homage of all nations, the hallelujah of the human race" (Gloag).

#### IV Inferential

1. Don't be disheartened at delayed answers to your prayers. "Though it tarry, wait for it." If you are turning any promise of God into prayer, be sure that the promise will be fulfilled. Prepare your heart for it, and let your ardor grow at seeming denial. The blessing will be all the richer and larger for the delay.

2. **Believe in the Holy Ghost.** Don't be content with His occasional influences merely; seek His abiding presence and fullness. Remember that He alone can regenerate, sanctify, comfort, guide, energize — that love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and all the goodly catalogue of the graces are His fruits and His alone. He is still the precious and crowning "promise of the Father" to every one of us. If we desire power with God, power with man, power over the flesh and self, we can find it only in this heavenly baptism. More willing is the Father to bestow this gift upon us than "earthly parents to give good gifts unto their children."

3. When the blessing comes, and you find it hard to control your elation, and your tongue becomes fluent with joy and praise, don't be troubled at worldly criticisms or coarse surmises. "Be ever ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you." Count it your highest privilege to be a witness of what Christ has done for you.

#### V Illustrative

1. Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame  
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,  
And darted to its place of rest  
On some meek brow of Jesus blest.  
Nor fades it yet that living gleam;  
And still those lambent lightnings stream;  
Where'er the Lord is there are they;  
In every heart that gives Him room  
They light His altar every day  
Zeal to inflame and vice consume.

(Keble.)

2. This first Pentecost marked an eternal moment in the history of mankind. Undoubtedly in every age since then the sons of God have, to an extent unknown before, been taught by the Spirit of God. . . . The New Dispensation began henceforth in all its fullness. It was no exclusive consecration to a separated priesthood, no isolated

endowment of a narrow apostolate. It was the consecration of a whole church — its men, its women, its children — to be all of them "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people;" it was an endowment, of which the full, free offer was meant ultimately to be extended to all mankind. Each one of that hundred and twenty was not the exceptional recipient of a blessing and witness of a revelation, but the forerunner and representative of myriads more. And this miracle was not merely transient, but is continuously renewed. It is not a rushing sound and gleaming light, seen perhaps only for a moment, but it is a living energy and an increasing inspiration. It is not a visible symbol to a gathered handful of human souls in the upper room of a Jewish house, but a vivifying wind which shall henceforth breathe in all ages of the world's history; a tide of light which is rolling, and shall roll, from shore to shore, until the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea (Farrar).

The Jewish colonists in Palestine are not turning out very well. Baron Rothschild, of Paris, came to the conclusion that his liberality is wasted upon them. He accordingly transferred his superintendency of them to the Jewish society "Ika." We learn now from the *Kirchenbote* that this society soon came to the conviction that these colonists were nothing more than tramps and loafers, who were making their living off the society. Hence it was proposed to give every one of them \$200, on condition that they leave Palestine. The result is that a vigorous emigration has begun from Palestine instead of towards it. — *Interior.*

## Every Woman Knows—

that a loaf of bread left out on the table gets stale much quicker than if kept in the bread box. Exposure to the air does the damage. For the same reason crackers or biscuit exposed in a barrel or box will grow stale while those protected by the In-er-seal Patent Package will not. When you want crackers, biscuit or wafers that are a credit to your table, be sure they are in the original package with the In-er-seal trade mark design on the end.



Soda, Milk, Graham and Oatmeal Biscuit, Vanilla Wafers and Ginger Snaps come in the In-er-seal Patent Package. Don't take a substitute.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## OUR BOOK TABLE

**The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews.** By Lyman Abbott, D. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$2.

Dr. Abbott has taken the course of Lowell Institute lectures which he delivered in Boston a year or so ago, and worked them over into this volume. He takes, as is well known, that view of the Bible which is variously called literary, scientific, and evolutionary, and which, as he frankly admits, is really revolutionary. According to this view the Old Testament is the selected literature of an elect people. "It is those words of the great leaders of a great people on the problems of religion which had such a quality that they could survive the sifting of the centuries." "There are in this literature myths, legends, folk-lore, fiction, lyrics, dramas, law, history, proverbs, oratory, as in any other literature. Its superiority to all other ancient books consists in this, it is the transcription of the experiences of men who were conscious of the life of God in their times, their nation, and their own souls." "This consciousness of God in themselves constituted their inspiration; and in this consciousness of God in their own souls God was revealed to them. Just in so far as this consciousness of God awakens a corresponding consciousness in us, it is a revelation of God to us, and no further."

We know of no book which gives so clearly and satisfactorily in popular style the modern view of the Bible. Whether we adopt it or not, it is a distinct service to have the matter so definitely presented. To some it will throw great light on things which have puzzled them, and make the Bible much more useful and valuable to them than ever it was before. To others it will be a stumbling-block and an offence.

**The Soul: Its Origin and Relation to the Body, to the World, and to Immortality.** By E. T. Collins, D. D. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, \$1.50.

A practicing physician, after many years of observation and meditation, has written a book on this most interesting subject. He presents a number of entirely new philosophical and psychological ideas, and provides believers in immortality with reasons for the faith that is in them, that are very satisfying to the individual and helpful in combating skepticism. Dr. Collins lives at South Charleston, Ohio. He has practiced medicine for many years. Dr. J. W. Bashford writes the introduction to his book. Among other things he says: "I found the manuscript of the volume intensely interesting. I began reading it one afternoon, and continued reading long into the night, finishing it the next day. . . . It impresses me as a scientific contribution to a spiritual subject. . . . During the years of his practice Dr. Collins has studied the great problems of psychology and religion from the standpoint of a practicing physician. Instead of becoming a skeptic through his observations of the intimate relations between mind and body, his experiments and meditations have confirmed him in the Biblical view of the reality and independence of the spirit. . . . The volume furnishes a new and striking argument for the doctrine of immortality. . . . I am still further confirmed in my estimate of the interest of this volume by the testimony of one of the ablest professors of philosophy in this country, who has also read the manuscript, and tells me that it makes a real contribution to the subject of psychology and its relation to modern science."

**To Nazareth or Tarsus?** By the Author of "Not on Calvary," "The First Millennial Faith," etc. J. S. Ogilvie Co.: New York. Price, \$1.

The very interesting question of a special divine revelation is discussed in this book

in story form. Instead of being a dry thesis, it pulsates with the life and power of human personalities. A seeker after religious truth questions the reliability of special revelations of the Divine mind and will, because the asserted mediums of revelations apparently have often been deceived. Following out this line of reasoning, the author seeks to prove that St. Paul was insane on the subject of supernatural revelations, and hence his teachings are not to be relied upon. It is the same old charge that the Apostle was obliged to meet when alive. "Thou art beside thyself. Much learning doth make thee mad," expresses both the ancient and modern misconception of the supernatural element of the Christian religion. This book contains many quotations from the writings of Paul detached and so arranged that they will be especially useful to infidels and others interested in destroying the authority of the Bible. The book belongs in the classification of "destructive lower criticism" of the most extreme type. It is too radical, however, to be very dangerous.

**Will the World Outgrow Christianity? And Other Interrogations on Vital Themes.** By Rev. Robert Pollok Kerr, D. D. Fleming, H. Revell Co.: Chicago, New York and Toronto. Price, 75 cents.

The pressing religions of the day are discussed in this little volume with an energy that at once arrests the attention and compels interest. It is intensely evangelistic. Among the themes treated are: "Will the Bible Live?" "Will Men Continue to Believe God?" "How shall We Pray that Our Prayers may be Answered?" "How can God be Good and Let Man Suffer?" "Can God be Sovereign and Man Free?" "What is the Greatest Defect in Our National Character?" The others are equally terse and timely.

**An American with Lord Roberts.** By Julian Ralph. Frederick A. Stokes Co.: New York. Price, \$1.25.

Julian Ralph's signature to a newspaper article is a promise of something interesting and informational. The same is true of his books. As correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* in South Africa, he gathered much material which is used for the first time in the present volume. His style is pungent, and he presents vivid pictures of incidents occurring in connection with Lord Roberts' operations against the Boers. In the concluding chapters he discusses the future of South Africa and the lessons of the war.

**Martin Brook.** By Morgan Bates. Harper & Bros.: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

This is the third of twelve American novels to be published by Harper & Bros. during the present year, written for the most part by new American writers, and dealing with different phases of American life. It is a love story with a deeply religious element.

**A History of the Four Georges, and of William IV.** By Justin McCarthy and Justin Huntly McCarthy. Vols. III. and IV. Harper & Bros.: New York and London. Price per volume, \$1.25.

These volumes complete the series comprising the graphic history of the times of the Four Georges of England upon which Mr. McCarthy has been working for so many years. The fame of this writer and his lifelong familiarity with the main currents of English history make these biographical sketches well worth reading.

**American Engineering Competition.** Harper & Bros.: New York and London. Price, \$1.

This is a series of articles resulting from an investigation by the London *Times*. They show with remarkable clearness how completely American manufacturing and engineering enterprises are taking the lead over all the nations of the earth, and especially over Great Britain.

## Magazines

—For seven months Mr. Edwin A. Start has been discussing "The Rivalry of Nations," in the *Chautauquan*, and in the May number he deals with China as the "storm centre." In the same number Guy Morris Walker has an illustrated paper on "Primitive Industrial Civilization of China." Two other special articles are: "How Children are Educated in Switzerland," by Prof. Andrew Baumgartner, and "Courting and Nesting Days," by N. Hudson Moore. (The Chautauquan: Cleveland, Ohio.)

—In addition to the usually complete departments and delightful editorial comment, *Current Literature* for May contains eleven special contributions. Among them are: "The Amusements of Old London," Richard Davey; "Certain Errors of Speech," Agnes Grove; "The Crafts: In Printshop and Bindery," "The Household of a Russian Prince," Mary L. Dunbar; "The Rise of Metropolitan Journalism," Charles H. Levermore; and "Town and Village Improvement," by Jessie M. Good. (Current Literature Publishing Co.: New York.)

—The *Forum* for May contains fifteen papers dealing with subjects of current interest. Prince Kropotkin, who has had so much to say about his native country in newspaper interviews, deals with "The Russians in Manchuria." He attributes Russia's threatened control in Manchuria to a desire for trade rather than to a spirit of conquest. "A New Class of Labor in the South" is the title of the paper by Leonora Beck Ellis. Wilbur Larremore says some interesting things that ought to be heeded, in "The Spoiled Parent." Hon. Charles Denby, formerly United States Minister to China, contributes a paper on "Some Chinese Traits." (Forum Publishing Co.: New York.)

—David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, is one of the original thinkers of the country. He isn't considered "orthodox" in religious matters, but is always interesting. In the *Popular Science Monthly* for May he presents his views on "The Blood of the Nation,"

## AUTHOR'S SECRET

## Food that Brought Back Buoyant Health

Newspaper writers have a time of it to get the right kind of food to nourish them. One of this profession who writes for a Boston paper says: "From the first Grape-Nuts Food worked like a charm. My stomach had been failing to digest ordinary food, and my nerves were completely unstrung. I was about to give up work while preparing a series of articles for the press, but by a stroke of good fortune they began to feed me on Grape-Nuts. My strength gradually returned, nerves became steadier day by day, and I soon found I could do more office work with greater ease than ever before."

"There came to me that feeling of buoyant health and satisfaction with my work and satisfaction with myself. In short, I felt that life was worth living, and that I was 'girded up like a strong man for a race.'"

"In my opinion Grape-Nuts is the one perfect article of food invaluable alike for those who are sick and those who are well." W. S. Gidley, author of "Happy-Go-Lucky Papers," "The Landlord's Story," etc.

It is a fact that Grape-Nuts Food does supply the brain and nerve centres with the elements necessary to rebuild, nourish and maintain. That brings health, strength, happiness and the feeling of buoyancy Mr. Gidley speaks of.



in which he studies the decay of races through the survival of the unfit. Prof. Robert H. Thurston describes "Progress and Tendency of Mechanical Engineering in the Nineteenth Century," and Havelock Ellis continues his "Study of British Genius." (McClure, Phillips & Co.: New York and London.)

—H. F. J. Porter shows, in an article in the *International Monthly* for May, that the iron and steel industry is of primary importance in the development of all industries. He sketches historically and progressively the various processes by which the crude ore is transformed into the finished implement ready for use. Carl von Noorden presents the "Principles of Modern Dietetics." This article is timely and interesting, in view of the increasing attention to diet as a means of preventing disease. "German Criticism," by Richard M. Meyer, and "A History of Japanese Art," by John La Farge, are entitled to special notice. (*International Monthly*: Burlington, Vt.)

—The *Homiletic Review* is an interesting magazine that should be taken and read carefully by every pastor, no matter of what denomination. It is progressive and comprehensive. All fields of homiletic study are touched, particular attention being given to the application of Christianity to social problems. In addition to the regular department topics the *Review* for May contains a representative sermon on "The History of the World an Organic Whole," by Benjamin Morgan Palmer, D. D., LL. D., of New Orleans. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York.)

—The principal feature of the *North American Review* for May is a symposium on "Industrial and Railroad Consolidations." The topics discussed embrace: "A

Grave Danger to the Community," Russell Sage; "Their Advantage to the Public," James J. Hill; "Their Effects on the Steel and Iron Industry," C. M. Schwab; "What They have Accomplished for Capital and Labor," Charles R. Flint; "Influence of the 'Trusts' on Prices," F. B. Thurber; "The Outcome of Unintelligent Competition," James Logan. The various other papers are in touch with current themes, and are well handled. (Franklin Square, New York.)

— "A Study of Sea and Sky Off Tarifa," reproduced, in color, from the painting by Edwin Hayes, is given as the frontispiece of the *May Magazine of Art*. This is supplemented with a critical estimate of the work of Mr. Hayes, by W. L. Woodroffe, accompanied by seven illustrations. W. Shaw-Sparrow shows to what heights "Modern Steamship Decoration" has attained. Very interesting is the contribution by J. P. Coughlan upon the life and work of the foremost American sculptor, Daniel Chase French, two of whose most beautiful groups are in our own city — "The Hand of Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor," the bronze memorial to Milmore in Forest Hills Cemetery, and the John Boyle O'Reilly monument. It is an excellent number. (Cassell & Company, Limited: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

—One always takes up *Photo Era* with pleasurable anticipations, and, never fails to lay it down with an equally pleasurable sense of satisfaction. The May issue is filled with articles of special interest to photographers, and with beautiful illustrations. Some of the subjects considered include: "Hydrochinon and Allied Developers," "The Beauties of Briarcliff Manor," "A Hand Camera for Bird and Animal Photographers," "Photography in

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### NOTICE TO OWNERS AND KEEPERS OF DOGS:

Owners and keepers of dogs in the City of Boston are hereby notified that dog licenses expire annually on the 30th day of April, and that unless they are immediately renewed, prosecutions may be made as provided in the Public Statutes.

Applications may be made and licenses obtained at the several Police Stations throughout the city.

THOMAS RYAN, Clerk.

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY — "The Story of My Life and Work"

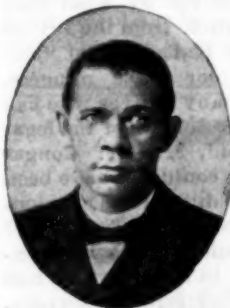
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## Santa Fe Route

the Schools," "As to 'Home' Portraiture," etc. Old and present pupils and friends of Professor S. S. Curry, of the School of Expression, will be delighted with the fine portrait given in connection with the paper, by John A. Lorenz, on "Drawing on Negatives." (Photo Era Publishing Company: 170 Summer St., Boston.)

—Cleveland Moffett's article upon "The Bridge-Builders," in the *May St. Nicholas*, quickens the reader's heart-beats and appals the imagination as he describes the dim and perilous heights frequented by the workmen on the new Brooklyn Bridge, as a matter of daily routine. Geo. Ethelbert Walsh shows the progress that has been made, of late years, in the breeding and training of carrier pigeons. An ingenious bicycle lamp, devised by a sailor lad, is the theme of George A. Williams' article, "A Young Inventor." The stories this month are bright and readable and wholesome, as usual. Twenty-three pages are devoted to Nature and Science, the *St. Nicholas* League, the Letter Box, and the Riddle Box. (Century Company: New York.)

### Put Together like the Facets of a Diamond.

It is not a little remarkable that there should never have appeared but one Church Reflector which vainly challenged criticism. But it is even so. We are accustomed to accept, without question, the claim that the Frink Church Reflector is par excellence, and know that it has been universally approved as such; and the memory of man runneth not back to the time when it was otherwise. We accept it, buy it, use it, enjoy it, delight in it, profit by it; and take it as a matter of course, as we take and use fruit in its season, or any other blessing. But did it ever occur to you that some one, all these years, has been zealously guarding the quality of the Frink Reflectors, studying scientifically the laws of light and reflection, the nature and quality of certain light rays, and all that enters into the production of the very best light possible to be produced by reflection. A visit to the factory, where these famous Frink Reflectors are adjusted would reveal the secret of their perfection. Emerson is quoted as saying of a certain very fine man that he was "put together like a Waltham watch." A Frink Reflector is put together like the facets of a wondrous diamond.

## FROM HOBOKEN TO HALLE

I

REV. W. W. GUTH.

A COLD, driving rain is bad enough on land. On sea it becomes intolerable, especially if the waves roll high and seasickness has set in. The last report of the Weather Bureau before we embarked assured us that the storm centre had gone out to sea. If the ship's log is any evidence, we encountered some of the storm, for out of the eleven days on the water only on one day was the sea marked "moderate." Several of these days were rainy. We cannot follow the custom of most writers, who, after making their first trip abroad, rush into print with the announcement that they "had not been sick a day." We were sick a day, and part of another — in fact, it was three days before we could really affirm we had something more than a dizzy head. As we lay in our berth all of Easter Sunday, the ship seemed to have become an immense accordion, opening and shutting at will, now squeezing us in its folds, now springing suddenly apart and leaving us apparently without support. And there were enough disagreeable sounds a-going to make the analogy seem real. But this part of the voyage was soon forgotten. A day after, we had recovered all our courage, enthusiasm had returned, and we were ready to disaffirm the statement, made but a few hours before, that "a year in Europe was not worth a day of seasickness."

The "Rotterdam" of the Holland-American Line is a slow boat, but a satisfactory one in every way. This is the unreserved statement of those aboard who had traveled by most of the other lines. In fair weather she made good time and in rough weather she rode steadily. The comforts aboard were surprising. From captain to deck-boy there was a real desire to please and satisfy. The Hollanders, as we found them aboard ship, are certainly an intelligent, industrious and courteous people. They are also robust and healthy. The fourth officer of the ship is a splendidly formed young fellow, six feet six inches tall. He is handsome, too. What a captain he will make!

Ten days to count ahead seems long, but taken one by one they pass rapidly. Hardly before we could realize it the time had come when we were to see land. It was an eager peering out into the blank distance. Not only were the passengers interested, but the officers and crew seemed just as anxious to realize that somewhere the water must end and land begin. Soon a white shaft, at first no bigger than a needle, appeared. This was the lighthouse near the Scilly Islands, off the South Irish coast. In an hour the islands were visible, and we knew we were then thirty-six hours from the end of our journey. The Scilly Islands are a treacherous reef, and before proper danger signals had been erected were known as the "Sailors' Burying Ground." On the largest island of the group is a house, the piazza of which is supported by the figure-heads of twenty stranded vessels. And a gruesome sight it is if a photograph of the house can be taken as a correct representation.

Two hours more, and we rounded Lizard

Point in Old England. We were riding in the English Channel and sea crafts were numerous. The monotony of ten days, with sight of only three vessels and those afar off, was broken at a bound. An English cruiser, black and grim, hurried by; several ocean liners off for America dipped their noses deep into the sea to settle them for the long trip ahead; freighters, schooners, half-rigged ships, and small fishing smacks were everywhere. A town here and there on the English coast was plainly in sight, and lying between were fields, some green, some brown, separated by rows of hedge or rock. Night set in, and only a light now and then was distinguishable. In the morning we were up against the lime cliffs of England — those rocks toward which the old Romans first looked when they discovered the distant land. For an hour we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, then the shore receded and we saw nothing but water again. All eyes were turned straight ahead now, for beyond was the French coast and the port of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where the first debarking was to be made. A straight shaft, tall and slender, came into view in two or three hours, and at once we pronounced it a lighthouse. The dim blue outline of land showed us France, and hardly before we were aware the engines had stopped and the pilot's tender, like a cork appearing and disappearing in the water, approached. With pilot aboard we proceeded and entered the breakwater before the city. We had already learned that the slender column was not a lighthouse, but a memorial shaft to Napoleon, who, on those green hills, massed his forces for his attack upon the English.

There is no harbor in which to land, so the tender "Chicago" came out to bring and take passengers. The trunks were soon transferred. Then came the steerage passengers, about fifty in number. They were mostly Italians. One would think they were rather landing in New York direct from Italy. Their clothes and manner indicated that not much of the civilization of America clung to them. The cabin passengers followed, and then, as the band played the Marseillaise, our friends of ten days steamed away.

We were out in the stream again. Rotterdam lay just eight hours ahead. We would arrive there at midnight and lose the picturesque sight of Holland as we ascended for two miles the River Maas. We were assured that we need not be disturbed about the customs officers before morning. But at two o'clock we were awakened and hustled off to the hold of the vessel, where, in the dim light and the babel of many languages, the formality of examination was gone through. A knowledge of German and a kindly-disposed customs official secured for us, without opening our baggage, the chalk mark necessary for its landing. After a few hours of broken sleep we were breakfasted and put ashore, and our sightseeing in foreign countries began.

— Get into real, soul-saving work and keep at it. This will greatly help you in the saving of your own soul also. It will keep you at the centre, where the battle thickens, where the Lord's standard is planted. May it lie like a glowing coal at

your heart to get men saved — as you have been! Have an eye in your heart and a word on your tongue for the King and the kingdom. — John McNeill.

## DR. AMENT'S VINDICATION

IF anything was lacking to the complete vindication of Rev. Dr. Ament from the charges of "looting" in China, which originated with an irresponsible correspondent, and were used by Mark Twain without any pretext of examination as the basis of wanton and cruel accusations, it is found in two statements which are made public simultaneously: one by Rev. Arthur H. Smith of Pekin, the best living authority on Chinese affairs, and the other by Rev. Dr. Judson Smith, secretary of the American Board, in the current number of the *North American Review*. After these two statements, no excuse remains for aspersions upon Dr. Ament or the other missionaries, or for misunderstanding or misrepresenting what they did. If Mark Twain understood the necessities of his own reputation, he would publicly retract what he wrote, and express the regret which he ought to feel.

The facts are simply these: When the siege of Pekin was raised, the missionaries were left with great bodies of native Christians utterly dependent upon them for everything. Chaos reigned in Pekin and in the country around. In the absence of native authority, the missionaries, with the knowledge and approval of Minister Conger and other ambassadors, established two colonies in different parts of Pekin, in quarters which had belonged to leaders in the Boxer movement, and they supported these homeless and starving refugees from the resources which were there found — precisely as the legationers during the siege had supported themselves by what they found within their reach from the British legation. The allies had declared their inability to provide for these refugees. Among them were many natives who had risked their lives in the defence of the legation; without their aid, Minister Conger declares that the siege could not have been withstood. Was it the duty of the missionaries to care for them or to desert them? That is the plain question. The missionaries established them in houses which had been abandoned by their Boxer owners, and fed them with supplies there found which were justly forfeit. Would Mark Twain have had them do differently?

These arrangements, however, were temporary. Something more permanent need-

## TRANSFORMATIONS

## Curious Results When Coffee Drinking is Abandoned.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whiskey or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it is like the flavor of fine Java.

A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves has been discontinued and in its place is taken a liquid that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum Food Coffee.



ed to be done. What the missionaries did, Rev. Dr. Judson Smith thus describes:

"It was under these circumstances Messrs. Ament and Tewksbury struck out the plan, which they have followed with such remarkable success, of securing indemnity for the Chinese who had suffered losses from the very villages where these losses had been incurred. In this course they have had the open and public approval of Mr. Conger and other authorities, and have followed a well-known Chinese usage. With great energy and good sense and patience, which have won the commendation of the ambassadors in Peking, of the Chinese commissioners of peace, Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching, and of the native authorities themselves in the several villages where they have gone, these gentlemen have secured the indemnity that was justly due, not for themselves, not for the mission, let it be clearly understood, but wholly and solely for the Chinese who were dependent upon them. Those who had robbed and dispossessed these people were the very ones to whom appeal was made by the missionary not with military force to back him, but with his own personal influence and the justice of the case to sustain his plea that they make good the loss which they had inflicted, and provide for those whom they had made outcasts. The good sense of the head men of these Chinese villages acknowledged the justice of the claim, and most of these exiled Chinese are reinstated in their villages. New homes are promised them and support until they can provide for it."

This is the kind of work which Mark Twain and others as inadequately informed and as hasty as he, have described as "looting." But the missionaries did not profit to the value of a dime by the whole transaction. They availed themselves of long-established Chinese usage to secure partial redress and reinstatement for the native converts who had been so cruelly treated. It was not robbery, but the restitution of stolen property. As for the addition of one-third to the estimated losses, of which so much has been said, it was merely an offset to such losses as could not be covered by an estimate of the bare value of property destroyed, and it was used in supporting

widows and orphans of those whose natural supporters had been murdered by the Boxers. "This additional one-third," writes Dr. Judson Smith, "was an integral part of the settlement, agreed upon and accepted by the village officials without a murmur, approved by Li Hung Chang, and by his lieutenant."

This was the emergency which Dr. Ament and his associates had to deal with. This is the way in which they met it. Neither Mark Twain nor any one else has suggested any other practical way which should have been followed. Indeed, the only conceivable alternative was to leave these refugees to starve or to be slaughtered by the Boxers.

To the rightfulness and necessity of Dr. Ament's proceedings, Dr. Arthur H. Smith, from his personal knowledge both of the conditions and of the man, writes:

"Dr. Ament went alone and unattended by a single soldier on the trip of which criticisms have been made. His only leverage was the presence in Peking of a force which would ultimately inquire into the merits of each case. The Chinese hastened to propose terms, and these are the terms which they not only accepted, but accepted gladly. The whole is in strict accord with Chinese law, as well as that of other lands, and of common sense."

"The total sum which he has obtained was not more than \$5,000 in money, and perhaps as much more in land, for the support of the widows and orphans—a sum entirely inadequate. I have known Dr. Ament ever since he came to China in 1877, and if my personal testimony is of any weight to the falsity of charges against his Christian character, I shall give it upon all occasions. In circumstances of great delicacy and difficulty he has borne himself nobly, and deserves strong commendation."

In view of the foregoing, it will be clear to all unprejudiced readers that it is not Dr. Ament, but Mark Twain, whose reputation needs rehabilitating. — *Boston Journal*.

— Sin, like a poisonous weed, resows itself, and becomes eternal by reproduction. — *H. W. Beecher*.

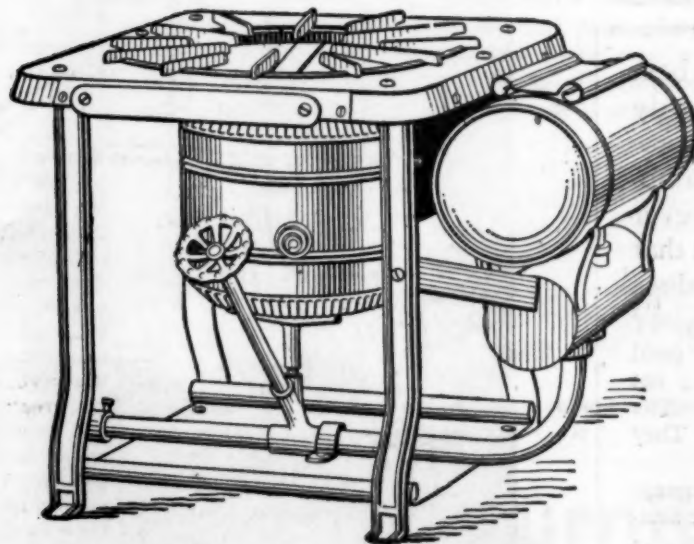
### At Allen's Tomb

ANOTHER of those remarkable steps which the Negro race is taking every day in this country was made in Philadelphia, on the 24th ult., when the remains of Richard Allen, first Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, "founder of African Methodism," as he is termed, were removed from the place where they were first buried to a tomb in the fine new church which was erected on the spot where he had preached, on Sixth Street, near Lombard. It was there that the first African Methodist society was formed, and there that in 1816 a convention was held which organized the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Three churches have been built on that site because of the growth of the society, and the third was erected to insure the holding of the place forever as the church of the African Methodists.

There were present on this occasion Bishops H. M. Turner, B. W. Arnett, M. B. Salter, W. B. Derrick, Evans Tyree and C. S. Smith, Pastor T. W. Henderson, and 123 clergymen, among them ministers from South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, Illinois and Kansas. There were many speeches made in honor of this founder, who died in 1831, when the Negro was in slavery, and there were also songs and poems original with the occasion. It was such an occasion as tells us, notwithstanding discouragements, that the Negro does advance in place among others. Perhaps, however, it was not without fitness that Bishop Turner closed an eloquent speech with the words: "Young people of Bethel, never give up this spot of ground; hold it, and teach your children to hold it. Here is the shrine of Allen; here, in the fierce years that are to be, Negroes can come and rekindle the torch of Negro manhood at Allen's tomb."

Nothing like this has been done before. It took place on the same day that the remains of Lincoln were placed in the crypt of the new monument at Springfield, Ill.—*Springfield Republican*.

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### Centennial of First Methodist Episcopal Church, South Portland

This imposing structure throws its lofty spire above the hills and commands the attention of the surrounding country. Out at sea the mariner nearing Portland searches through his glass for the white steeple, and then swings his ship toward the harbor; tourists upon Mt. Washington, peering through one hundred miles of distance, catch a glimpse of the white church, thence on to where the rude Atlantic flings his thundering billows against the granite coast of Maine. Beautiful indeed for situation, the joy and pride of its worshippers; God has been in the midst of her people; God has there established His truth, and that forever. Methodism, heaven-born Methodism, like the Scriptural mustard-seed, was planted by consecrated lives upon this soil a century ago; small and feeble was its day, but now it has become a great tree, and under its shadows the people of four churches worship God and enjoy much prosperity. What grander tribute to the memory of the heroes of our saddle-bag itinerancy and loyal forefathers of times primitive could their descendants pay than to commemorate past achievements, seeking again to catch the fire and enthusiasm of spirits aflame with zeal for the expansion and development of the kingdom of God. With this in view the whole community joined most heartily with their pastor, Rev. F. A. Leitch, and for three months worked untiringly toward their centennial, which was in every sense of the word a grand success.

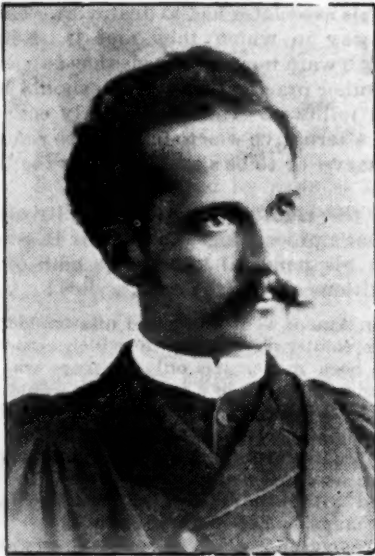
Friday evening, April 26, was "Former Pastors' Evening." Invitations were issued to all available living pastors, and a cheerful response was received expressing a desire to be present. The exercises were suitably opened, and after singing and prayer, Rev. W. S. Jones, pastor in 1894-'96, gave a historical review of local Methodism, of which the following is a brief extract: "This church was established in 1800. Its foundation was laid in a class under the administration of Rev. Joshua Taylor. The first Methodist preacher to minister to the scattered inhabitants was Rev. Samuel Snowden, a colored brother. Following him came Revs. Asa Heath, Samuel Barnes, Reuben Hubbard, Dan Perry. In 1803 the town meeting or council refused the Methodists the right to preach and hold worship; the request for incorporation was granted by the State. In 1805 Rev. Joshua Taylor was pastor. The first meeting-house was erected at Barren Hill; it was quite plain inside and out, but in this house of prayer many souls were saved, and long since passed to the church triumphant. In 1809 the Methodist brethren came from Scarborough to worship. In 1824 the meeting-house was removed from Willard to a lot leased by Elisha Brown to the church. Such brothers as Daniel Skillings, Levi Skillings, John Trickey, Joseph Wescott and others helped to remove the old church. This church was removed to Elm Street in 1808, and has recently been replaced by a handsome edifice. In 1825 Rev. J. Place was pastor; the parsonage was east of Vaughn Street bridge, near the B. & M. round-house. Prayer-meetings were first held at Long Creek by Misses Jennie,

Annie and Rebecca Skillings; souls were saved, and thus were these good sisters rewarded. In 1836, under the pastorate of Rev. James Lewis, the old church was remodeled, i. e., shingled, painted and newly seated. In 1848 Rev. James Harrington was pastor, and the old parsonage at the corner of Brown and Lincoln Streets was erected. In 1854 Rev. S. W. Pierce officiated;

by Samuel Haskell, and finished in 1868. The church was dedicated on Wednesday, Jan. 29, Presiding Elder Joseph Colby preaching the dedicatory sermon. In the erection of this church the people were much indebted to the liberality of Henry and Eben Nutter and Mrs. Martha Nutter. In 1871, under the pastorate of Rev. C. C. Mason, the present parsonage was erected on a lot donated by Mrs. Elmyra Fickett and Mrs. Martha Dyer. During the years following Rev. Messrs. Randall, Collins, Adams, Murphy, Pendexter, Adams, Grovenor, Smith, Canham, Bean, Jones, Roberts and Leitch were appointed as pastors. During the past century the church has been supplied by 83 different ministers. Of these only three remained three years, the rest from one to two."

Following Mr. Jones came Rev. Charles W. Blackman, pastor from '59-'61. Mr. Blackman is an old veteran of the Cross, and is still full of fire when aroused by the inspiration of the hour; his remarks were particularly enjoyed by the older members of the congregation as he reviewed past days and events. Rev. John Collins, pastor in '76-'77, was then introduced. Mr. Collins found himself much at home among many old and familiar faces, and with his inimitable style, force and humor entertained the large congregation with many vivid recollections of past days, scenes, work, and persons. Rev. Frank W. Smith, pastor from '86-'89, came next, and received a kindly welcome. Mr. Smith's remarks are always appreciated, being timely and feelingly expressed. The pastor then conveyed to the congregation words of greeting from other pastors who found it impossible to be present—Rev. Messrs. Grovenor, Bean, Canham and Roberts.

Wednesday evening, May 1, was fittingly celebrated by the young people of the church, the program being so arranged that nearly all the young people of the society participated in the exercises. Amid flowers, flags and bunting young maidenhood and boyhood made their



REV. F. A. LEITCH

there were 102 members and 14 probationers, while the pastor received \$400 for his year's work—the highest ever paid up to that time. In 1866 a great change came to the circuit in the appointment of Rev. Frank Ayers. He was a man of power and strong personality. The present edifice was erected upon a lot of land donated



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bow, spoke and sang, while happy parents smiled approvingly. The Epworth League Cadets executed military movements with the precision of old veterans, while a class of well-trained young ladies gave a physical culture exhibition, moving through the many intricacies of the dumb-bell drill with automatic regularity. The singing of "America," coupled with the waving of Old Glory, closed the program.

Friday evening, May 3, was one long to be remembered, it being characterized as "An Evening with Our Bishops." A fine banquet had been provided by the ladies of the church in the vestry, which was just out of the paperers' and painters' hands. About two hundred sat down to the sumptuous repast, and gave practical expression of appreciation to the culinary art of our lady hostesses. At 8 o'clock the guests joined the congregation in the main auditorium for the evening's exercises. Upon the platform sat Bishop Hamilton and Bishop Thoburn, Rev. Dr. E. O. Thayer, Rev. Luther Freeman, Dr. McAllister, Revs. F. R. Griffiths, W. S. Jones, Thomas Jones, Walter Canham, F. W. Smith, and F. A. Leitch. After the preliminary exercises Bishop Hamilton addressed the congregation forcefully and eloquently upon "A Century of Methodism." Bishop Thoburn's address upon "The Twentieth Century Forward Movement," was interesting and spiritually impressive.

These services were continued on Sabbath afternoon, when Bishop Hurst preached a thoughtful sermon from the text: "I am not come to send peace, but a sword;" and concluded Sabbath evening, when all the city and neighboring Methodist churches joined in a grand rally at the City Hall, Portland, to listen to two inspiring addresses delivered by Bishops Warren and Thoburn.

This centennial will be long remembered as among those profitable and elevating events of life by the large number participating in the exercises. The opening of a new century, the gaining of fresh inspiration for larger achievements, are significant in the life of any communal denomination, and should presage larger ideals, grander conquests, more heroic endeavor, and greater sacrifice for the church of Christ.

#### Starving Sin

"A VERY excellent way of getting rid of sin," says Rev. Gerard B. Hallock, D. D., in the *New York Observer*, "is by strategy. The surest protection against evil is to live in an atmosphere of good. When the heart is possessed by an overmastering love for Christ, love for the world cannot hold sway over it. When the hands are occupied with good works, little leisure is left for unrighteous doings. When good fully occupies the ground, evil cannot root itself and stay. That is a royal strategy the apostle suggests when he says: 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' 'Neither give place to the devil.' That is, keep him out by having no vacant room for him to enter. Let him find 'every room full' when he seeks to be your guest. Pre-empt the heart with grace.

#### A Remarkable Career

One of the most remarkable careers of the present age is that of Booker T. Washington, the famous leader of the negro race and principal and founder of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, at Tuskegee, Alabama. Those who are not already familiar with this man and his life work will be pleased to learn that Mr. Washington has recently written an Autobiography, entitled, *THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND WORK* in which he sets forth in a plain straightforward, but peculiarly charming way the history of his career. No tale or romance could be more fascinating. From the time the American people were charmed, thrilled and inspired by the marvelous rise of those two thoroughly representative types of American possibilities — Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass — they have witnessed no such display of courage, ambition and invincible determination struggling for the uplifting of humanity as in the life of Booker T. Washington. His new book should be read by all intelligent people, for truly if the story of this life has any mission it is to inspire humanity to develop the purest and best within its power.

The Publishers of Mr. Washington's book, J. L. Nichols & Co., are making a special offer to the readers of *ZION'S HERALD* as stated in their advertisement which appears on another page of this issue. The work is endorsed by the best people in the country.

Fill the mind with good. Turn your imaginations towards heavenly things. Fix your desires on holy things. Occupy your hands and your heart and your time with good things, and thus you may starve sin out of your life."

— Women of Atlanta are moving against child-labor in the factories of Georgia; a permanent organization will be formed, and a campaign will be conducted through the summer for the purpose of affecting the nominations to the legislature. — *Springfield Republican*.

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## THE CONFERENCES

### VERMONT CONFERENCE

#### Montpelier District

*Montpelier Seminary.*—The spring term has opened with a larger enrollment of pupils than for several years. This, following the increased attendance of last term, is a hopeful sign. It is now expected that Rev. W. R. Davenport, the principal-elect, will enter upon the regular discharge of his duties the first of June. He is already zealously at work, and is bound to bring something to pass in this field as in every other in which he has labored. The work of the present principal has been divided among three persons for the coming year. This will give Mr. Davenport time and strength to do much outside work. The Conference gladly voted to open the pulpits of our churches to him, and he will be heard with profit by many. Vermont Methodists are a unit in their determination to give him generous support.

*A Bishop in Montpelier.*—Traveling at large has usually meant that our Bishops should travel a long way from Vermont—after their election; but Bishop Cranston spent a day and a night in Montpelier after Conference adjourned, and delighted a large audience in Seminary Chapel with his description of Eastern conditions. The expressions of hearty appreciation were many. The morning following he spoke to the students in chapel in a most happy vein. His visit will long be remembered with pleasure.

*Northfield and Gouldsville.*—It was not possible for Pastor Sharp to be in his new field of labor the first Sunday. The presiding elder took this work, preaching morning and afternoon. Pastor Sharp was "wanted" here, and a large field for usefulness opens before him. His genuine sympathy and zealous work will win. Northfield Methodists will be untrue to their traditions if they do not royally second his efforts.

*West Berlin.*—This field, which was a very unpromising part of the vineyard only a few years ago, has been made to bud and blossom under the leadership of Rev. E. E. Wells, a local preacher. Very noticeable improvements on the house of worship have been made during the year past, and, best of all, there is a decided uplook in spiritual line. The people are hopeful, and boast larger congregations than many more favored localities.

*Bethel.*—The presiding elder held quarterly conference here, May 4, and preached to a good-sized and attentive audience the following Sunday evening. Pastor Charlton is already captivated with the manner in which the people of his circuit have received him, and the people rejoice in the new arrangement. A rearrangement of work has been made whereby the pastor is to reside at Bethel and supply Gaysville and Bethel Lympus. In order to do this, we have gone back to the old idea of an assistant pastor. Rev. J. W. Miller, a local preacher, whose ministrations have been very acceptable in this vicinity, preaches on alternate Sunday mornings at Gaysville and Bethel Lympus, the pastor taking the morning service at the other place; then both return to the service in the afternoon at Bethel, and one will conduct the evening service at Gaysville. The week-night meetings are well looked after by these two faithful workers. A spirit of devotion and hope pervades the membership of this church.

*South Royalton and South Tunbridge.*—These two charges have been combined—a thing which should have been done long ago. All the interests of both charges will be equally cared for by the new arrangement. On both parts of the charge a feeling of satisfaction is expressed that Pastor Beeman is returned for another year. The closing weeks of last year witnessed a work of grace which has united the church and given new hope to a people who thought their burdens were too great for them. Success is predicted in the work of the year.

*Montpelier.*—The Conference year closed with more than usual prosperity for this people. Rev. C. O. Judkins continues to be the popular preacher and pastor of the city. More money than usual was raised for current expenses, and with less effort. The total of benevolences was larger than in previous years. Mrs. Judkins

has just returned from a visit to her former home in Yonkers, N. Y. This charge is content with being left alone in the present arrangement.

*Personal.*—Miss Millie Mae Martin, our deaconess, who was consecrated by Bishop Cranston at the last session of Conference, and who has done such acceptable work during the last year on various charges in this Conference, is available for work. The preachers of this district will do well to bear this in mind. Applications should be addressed to Miss Helen A. Chandler, secretary, Brattleboro, Vt.

W. M. N.

#### St. Johnsbury District

*In General.*—Nearly all the pastors making changes were in their new fields the first Sabbath after Conference, and report a hearty reception and good congregations. The weather and traveling are fine, and moving in Vermont this year has not been the hardship that it is usually. Only eight or nine—one brother moved from a parsonage to a farm—have proved this hardship. Two begin work—Carroll D. Lance at Sheffield, and Edmund L. Smiley at Bloomfield. Both have been well received, and give promise of a substantial addition to our forces.

*Sheffield and Wheelock* closed the last year with a good religious interest, and the young pastor, entering upon his first charge, found the hearth well warmed. His first evening service was to him a great surprise, and he began at once to rejoice in hope. Over sixty were present at the first Sunday evening service, and nearly all were ready to participate. The outlook appears promising for a most successful year. Some rejuvenating has been done at the parsonage, and the home, at least for the summer, is well-nigh ideal.

*Groton* begins the new year under favorable conditions. The work is gaining steadily along all the lines, and with the growing business of the place it would be criminal if there were not advance here. The year will probably show an increase of ten to twenty per cent. In the population, and some new business enterprises are well-nigh sure to be inaugurated. Pastor Mather is alert and eager, and means to let no good opportunities slip by. He needs stronger backing from the people in religious work.

*Plainfield* is somewhat depressed by business stagnation and a multitude of community and church jealousies; but Pastor Clark was greeted with an unusually large congregation on the first Sabbath of the year, and the prospect is encouraging. At present several families are kept from church by sickness, but the League is maintaining a strong religious service, and the Juniors are thriving. They handsomely remembered the pastor's son, Hallam, on his first birthday, enabling him to open a bank account with five dollars.

*St. Johnsbury Centre.*—The pastor is nothing if not "improving." Since Conference he has secured thorough drainage for the parsonage, a ditch and tile connecting the premises with the stream to the southward. Look for more improvements in the interior of the parsonage; they are coming. This charge is fairly at the front in all matters of progressive work, particularly when its limited membership and depleted community are considered. A very pleasant League entertainment was given here by the St. Johnsbury League, April 29. The program consisted of vocal selections by the male quartet, several solos and duets, piano solos and duets, violin with piano accompani-

ment, recitations, readings and impersonations, ending with a fine collation. All just the thing for one tired out with Conference week.

*Lyndonville* did royally in the way of entertaining Conference, and will be permanently helped by the effort made. The various addresses by visiting officials were of an unusually high order, and no community listening to Bishop Cranston's masterful talks could fail of perpetual gain therefrom. This place, and the Conference host for the session, will both be held in grateful remembrance. Rarely have external conditions been better; and those having attended for a full half-century declare that Pastor McGlaulin has hardly had a superior.

A very pleasant and interesting service of Conference week was the consecration as deaconess of Miss Millie Mae Martin. She takes up work for the year in Vermont and is at present open to engagements at the usual deaconess rates. All communications concerning engagements should be addressed to Miss Helen A. Chandler, 5 Green St., Brattleboro, Vt.

J. O. S.

### N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

#### Providence District

*Newport, First Church.*—The new Conference year opens well for old First Church. On April 30, the "King's Sons," composed of the boys of the church, gave their first annual public program. It was a very interesting affair, and was largely attended. Two of the numbers on the program were original poems, recited by their authors. On May 5, the pastor received 2 on probation, 2 by certificate, and a class of 31 probationers into full membership, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to 145 persons. This is the largest class of probationers received at any one time since 1858, when Dr. M. J. Talbot was pastor, and the largest number of communicants present at the Lord's Supper at any one service for many years. Rev. Thomas E. Chandler, the pastor, has been presented with a cushion-frame, bevel-gear, chainless, 1901, Columbia bicycle by his gentlemen friends. This is the first wheel of its kind in the State of Rhode Island. The pastor and his family will spend their vacation of four weeks visiting their parents in Kansas City.

*Providence Preachers' Meeting.*—On Monday, May 6, Rev. R. C. Miller preached the monthly sermon on "The Divine Method of Filling Churches." The subject of a "Ministers' Retreat" was introduced by F. L. Streeter, of Phenix. He proposed East Greenwich as the desirable place. No decision was reached in respect to time or place.

*Woonsocket.*—The summer meeting of the district occurs here on June 10-11. The pastor, Rev. L. B. Coddington, is actively engaged in making preparations for most generous entertainment. Dr. L. B. Bates holds a "home camp-meeting" here, May 14-15. Wednesday is an all-day pentecostal service.

*Providence, Cranston St.*—The pastor, Rev. C. H. Ewer, and his wife have gone to Virginia for a brief vacation in the hope of recuperating from the serious accident which befell him a while ago. Mrs. Ewer has been far from well of late, and the change will undoubtedly be beneficial. Rev. G. W. Anderson is supplying the pulpit with great acceptance. The latter has recently returned from a trip to New Hampshire among old scenes and friends.

*Pawtucket, First Church.*—The anniversary of the Epworth League was observed with un-



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usual interest. At 9.30 A. M., Rev. William Kirkby, of Thomson Church, led the union love-feast. Services were held all day, and in the evening Rev. Agide Pirazzini, Italian missionary, of Providence, gave an interesting address to the young people.

**Central Falls, Embury Church.**—A union anniversary service was held here at 5.30 P. M., May 12, the Leagues of Pawtucket uniting with this church League.

**Cochesett.**—Rev. Wm. B. Heath, upon arriving at Cochesett for the sixth year, was tendered by the church and friends a most cordial reception. The gathering was in the church vestries, which were beautifully arranged in a homelike manner, with furniture, decorations, etc. After brief greetings an entertainment was enjoyed, consisting of solos by a lady singer, violin and piano selections, and several appropriate readings by Brockton and home talent, concluding with a welcome speech to the pastor and wife made by a former member of the Conference. Then followed a delightful social and the serving of ice cream and cake. Mr. Heath and one other minister are the only instances of the application of the new provision for extended pastorate beyond five years, in the New England Southern Conference.

KARL.

#### New Bedford District

**Taunton, Central Church.**—The close of the Conference year found this church in a healthy condition. For the first time in fifteen years all the current expenses have been regularly met, and the treasurer reports a handsome balance

in the treasury with which to begin the new year. The parsonage has been freshly painted and many needed improvements made in the interior. The fourth quarterly conference met at the home of Mr. Ezra Hamlin. The business was speedily transacted, after which, in response to the invitation of the host, the wives of the official members, the retiring presiding elder, and the pastor, joined the gentlemen for a social evening. Refreshments were served, and the evening was spent in delightful fellowship. This is the church that thinks it impossible to find a church where pastor and people are more united and mutually enjoy each other more than Central. On Wednesday, May 1, from 3 to 5 o'clock and from 7.30 till 10, Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Buck tendered a reception to the church and congregation at the parsonage. The presidents or wives of the presidents of the various organizations of the church assisted the hostess in receiving, and the dining-room was presided over by the seven young ladies who so ably assist her in the Sunday-school and primary department. The attendance was large. A pleasing musical program was rendered, and this delightful social occasion unites in still closer bonds this faithful people and their pastor who returns to them, upon unanimous invitation, for a fourth year's work.

**Sandwich.**—Rev. W. D. Wilkinson begins his work here under most favorable conditions—a church with a splendid standing in the community won by the strong pastorate of his predecessor; the courage that comes to a people by past successes and freedom from debt. At the

recent session of the Barnstable County Conference of Congregational Churches, held May 7 and 8, Mr. Wilkinson gave the address of welcome to the town.

L. S.

**Cottage City.**—The spring meeting of the Martha's Vineyard Association was held here, Friday, May 3. Dr. S. F. Upham, the new and exceedingly efficient president, was in the chair. The reports of the various committees were received. They showed that the very best possible efforts had been used to secure available and attractive speakers for the Sundays of July and August, as well as for the camp-meeting week. The great Iron Tabernacle is now being put in first-class order. The defective places are completely renewed, the section in the rear of the platform has been rebuilt and greatly beautified, the main entrance made very graceful and imposing, and the whole structure thoroughly painted within and without. The excellent facilities for travel, the places of interest in the neighborhood, the splendid chance for safe sea-bathing, as well as the moral safety of the place for children and youth, joined with the unusual religious opportunities, make this an ideal summer resort. The annual camp-meeting commences Aug. 18, and ends Aug. 25. The selectmen of the town practically refuse to grant liquor licenses this year, although the vote was in its favor, evidently because of the carelessness of those who are really opposed to the traffic. The members of the Association were greatly encouraged at the outlook, and expect a season of unusual interest and success both because of the excellence of the manage-

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ment and because of the specially good program arranged.

W. T. WORTH.

Norwich District

South Manchester.—On Wednesday evening, April 24, the people of this church tendered a farewell to their former pastor and reception to their new presiding elder, Rev. J. I. Bartholomew, Ph. D., and his family. During the evening Dr. Bartholomew was presented with an elegant gold watch as a token of esteem. It is very

[Continued on Page 640.]



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CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Manchester Dist. Pr. Mtg. at Newport, N. H., June 3, 4  
Norwich Dist. Min. Asso. at Westerly, R. I., June 10, 11  
Providence Dist. Min. Asso. at Woonsocket, R. I., June 10, 11

UNION MATERNAL ASSOCIATION. — Annual meeting and rally at the Congregational Church in Newtonville, Wednesday, May 29, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. All mothers invited.

W. F. M. S. — Framingham District Association will hold its annual meeting at Saxonville, Thursday, May 23. Sessions at 10.30 and 1.30. Miss Clementina Butler will be present and give an address. Miss Cushman is expected to present the work of the Standard Bearers. Electrics leave South Framingham at 9.30 and 10.10. Leave Natick and Cohituate at 9.52. Free collation at noon. All interested are invited to attend this meeting. A. A. KNIGHTS, Sec.

Health for ten cents. Cascarets make the bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness, and constipation. All druggists.

W. F. M. S. — A Lynn District convention will be held at Maple St. Church, Lynn, Thursday, May 16. Sessions at 10 and 2. Reports and papers in the morning. Mrs. Margaret B. Denning, of India, will speak in the afternoon. Basket lunch. Blue Wyoma cars leave Central Station on hour and half hour.

S. ADA LINCOLN, Dist. Sec.

THANK OFFERING COMMISSION. — A special meeting of the Thank Offering Commission of the New England Conference will be held in the Historical Room (No. 4), Wesleyan Building, on Monday, May 20, at 1.30 p. m. Any suggestions bearing on the work of the Commission are invited, and will be gratefully received by the president. W. F. WARREN.

12 Somerset St., Boston.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE MINUTES. — The New England Conference Minutes for 1901 will be published on Monday, May 20. C. R. MAGEE.

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WANTED. — The Immigrant Home Corporation is in great need of a donation of a small safe. Address Room 40, Wesleyan Building, 36 Bromfield St.

W. F. M. S. — Pictures, in sets, of China, India, Japan, Africa, Korea, and South America, can be loaned for use in auxiliary meetings at a moderate price. Apply to Mrs. Small, Room 29, 36 Bromfield St.

WANTED. — One of the missionaries in Korea desires a copy of the Life of Madam Guyon. If some one has a copy which they will donate, or dispose of at a moderate price, please notify Mrs. J. F. Small, 36 Bromfield St., Room 29.

MINISTERS' WIVES' ASSOCIATION. — The Ministers' Wives' Association of Cambridge District will meet with Mrs. C. W. Gallagher, of Auburndale, May 20, at 4.30 p. m. Supper at 6. The ministers are invited to accompany their wives. Mrs. Gallagher's home adjoins Lasell Seminary.

MARY B. TAYLOR, Cdr. Sec.

N. E. DEACONESS TRAINING SCHOOL. — The eleventh annual Commencement of the Training School of the New England Deaconess Association will be held at Tremont St. Church, Wednesday, May 22, at 3 p. m. Rev. Willis P. Odell, D. D., pastor of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, will give the address. All friends of the school are cordially invited to attend. ELIZABETH WILES.

LATEST ON EPWORTH LEAGUE EXCURSION. — The officers of the First District are offering the Leagues of New England a trip to California that includes the very best features for the least money possible. The outward trip offers the attractions of scenic Colorado, a trip up Pike's Peak, two days in the great Mormon city, while the return trip includes the great Northwest. Everything — transportation, hotels, and sleepers — first-class in all particulars. In the HERALD of next week Mr. G. W. Penniman, of Clinton, Mass., chairman of the transportation committee, will give a detailed account of the trip. We hope that all our people will arrange to go with the official party, which leaves Boston July 8. LUTHER FREEMAN, President First Gen. Conf. Dist.

Don't think less of your system than you do of your house. Give it a thorough cleansing, too. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For Nervous Headache

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. F. A. ROBERTS, Waterville, Me., says: "It is of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia."

The whole future of a child may depend upon the state of his health during infancy. Mellin's Food produces a healthy, happy infancy that will bear welcome fruit years after.

BOSTON DISTRICT APPORTIONMENTS FOR 1901-1902

P. E. indicates Presiding Elder; B., Bishop; P. A., Preachers' Aid; C. E., Church Extension; F. A., Freedmen's Aid; B. E., Board of Education.

	P.	P.	C.	F.	B.
	E.	B.	A.	E.	A.
BOSTON:					
Allston,	\$ 44	\$ 17	\$ 40	\$ 30	\$ 30
Appleton Ch.,	16	5	15	15	5
Baker Memorial,	68	25	60	45	20
Bethany,	56	22	48	36	17
Bromfield St.,	84	30	72	54	24
City Point,	32	14	27	27	11
Dorchester, 1st,	72	25	60	45	19
Dorchester St.,	24	12	21	21	10
Egleston Square,	20	8	18	18	8
First Church,	132	35	88	66	28
Hld., Mt. B'wd'n,	56	25	56	42	19
Jam. Pl., 1st Ch.,	32	16	40	30	13
St. Andrew's,	24	13	21	21	10
Mattapan,	24	13	24	24	10
Morgan Chapel,	0	0	0	0	0
North End Ch.,	0	0	0	0	0
Parkman St.,	28	12	24	24	10
People's Temp.,	112	38	80	60	30
Revere St.,	4	2	4	4	2
St. John's,	88	30	76	56	24
Stanton Ave.,	56	22	48	36	17
Tremont St.,	140	40	80	60	32
Upham Mem'l,	24	10	20	20	9
West Roxbury,	28	15	24	24	12
Winthrop St.,	132	35	88	66	28
Brookline,	80	25	72	54	20
Charlton City,	16	8	15	15	6
Cherry Valley,	24	10	22	22	8
Dedh'm, Wal. Hill,	28	15	24	24	11
East Douglas,	12	8	12	12	5
Franklin,	20	10	18	18	7
Highlandville,	24	12	21	21	9
Holliston,	20	10	18	18	8
Hopkinton,	24	12	21	21	10
Hyde Park,	72	25	60	45	20
Leicester,	10	5	12	12	5
Milford,	52	20	44	30	15
Millbury,	24	10	18	18	7
North Grafton,	10	4	8	8	3
Norwood,	16	10	18	18	7
Oxford,	20	10	18	18	7
Pla'nville,	28	12	24	24	8

QUINCY:

Atlantic,	12	5	12	12	4
West Quincy,	16	13	21	21	10
Wollaston,	28	13	25	25	10
Shrewsbury,	20	10	18	18	8
Southbridge,	44	16	40	30	13
Southville,	12	4	9	9	3
South Walpole,	24	10	21	18	8
Upton,	20	9	18	18	7
Uxbridge,	24	13	24	24	10
Walpole,	16	5	10	10	5
Webster,	60	18	48	36	15
Westboro,	28	14	27	27	12
West Medway,	12	5	12	12	4
Whitinsville,	44	15	40	30	12

WORCESTER:

Coral St.,	28	16	27	27	13
Grace Church,	72	25	60	45	20
Lakeview,	12	4	8	8	3
Laurel St.,	44	16	40	30	13
Park Ave.,	24	12	24	24	10
Trinity,	140	34	80	60	27
Webster Square,	44	18	40	30	14

N. B. The apportionment for Bishops' Claim is 1 1/4 per cent. of total salary of preacher. The Preachers' Aid apportionment is 4 per cent. on cash salary of \$1,000 and above, and 3 per cent. on cash salary below \$1,000. The Freedmen's Aid and Church Extension apportionments are in each case 3 per cent. of cash salary. The apportionment for Board of Education is 1 per cent. on total salary. The Missionary apportionment is made in New York, and will be sent to preachers as soon as received.

Com. from District { L. B. DUTTON, Winthrop St.  
Stewards on { F. B. DUFFEE, Trinity, Worc.  
Apport'nments { H. O. CASSIDY, Atlantic.  
W. T. PERRIN, P. E.

Boston, Mass., May 7, 1901.

Advt.



## OBITUARIES

When our beloved rise  
To gird them for the ford, and pass  
From wilderness to springing grass,  
From barren waste to living green—  
We weep that they no more are seen,  
And that the river flows between.

Ah, could we follow where they go,  
And pierce the holy shade they find—  
One grief were ours—to stay behind!  
One hope—to join the Blest Unseen!  
To plant our steps where theirs have been,  
And find no river flows between!

—C. Fraser Tytler.

**Richardson.**—Artemus Clark Richardson, one of the prominent men of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Somerville, Mass., died at his residence in that city, March 19, 1901. He was born in Weston, Vt., May 11, 1825.

Mr. Richardson came to Boston shortly before he reached his majority, and went to work in the teaming business, in which line he became a very successful business man with one of the large firms of the city. Until a little more than a year ago he was the senior member of Fifield, Richardson & Co., the Boston truckmen. He came to Somerville in 1860, and in 1872, during the first pastorate of Rev. Dr. (now Bishop) Hamilton at the First Church, he was converted and united with the church. He became an active and valuable member, serving for many years on its board of trustees. His generous gifts to this society, both of large sums of money, valuable time and enthusiastic service, can never be forgotten. He was unassuming about his own gifts, and shrank from any public recognition of the service he so cheerfully rendered. He was tenderly devoted to his family and they were as affectionate and thoughtful of him.

To very few men is given the happy faculty of making and keeping so many friends. His neighbors held him in the highest esteem; his business associates regarded him as the soul of honor, so prompt was he in meeting all his obligations; the children loved him, for he always had a smile and a kind word for them. His faithful attention to business gave him marked success, and his friends rejoiced in the prosperity which his industry and talent merited. His church filled a large portion of his thought, and it was his delight to do anything in his power to advance its interests. He has been one of the most prominent factors in the success of First Church for many years, and his place will be hard to fill.

About three weeks before his death Mr. Richardson had a slight shock, and although he rallied somewhat from this, he did not recover from its effects.

He leaves a wife and four children.

GEO. S. BUTTERS.

**Gilman.**—Farley Bethuel Gilman was born in Unity, N. H., Dec. 16, 1824, and died in Redlands, Cal., March 14, 1901.

Mr. Gilman was converted at the age of sixteen, and soon joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he continued a faithful and useful member and steward till called to his everlasting reward.

June 14, 1849, he married Emily Lucy Royce, of Cavendish, Vt., and of this happy union there were born five children, one of whom died in infancy. A son and three daughters survive, who, with the faithful partner of his trials and victories both temporal and spiritual, mourn their loss, but rejoice in his triumph. The youngest daughter, Miss Gertrude Gilman,

has been for nearly five years a missionary in China, first at Tsun Hua and later in Peking. She was in Peking during all the awful weeks of the siege, and, wonderful to relate, came through with unbroken health. She is still at the post of duty, and at this writing (April 2) is unaware of the great loss that has befallen her.

In 1847 Mr. Gilman removed to Springfield, Vt., to which place he took his bride, and there for fifty-two years they made their home, continually growing in the esteem and love of all who knew them. He worked for six years in a machine shop, and then bought it and started in business for himself. Five years later he began making a specialty of machines for turning shoe lasts and other irregular forms. Being very ingenious, he invented many improvements until he brought his machines to a high degree of perfection. His brother-in-law, F. V. A. Townsend, was his partner for many years. His son, W. F. Gilman, a graduate of Boston University, now has full control of the business, and is filling his father's place in the church and community.

Mr. Gilman was a staunch, reliable man, respected and beloved by all. Few will be more missed in the community where for more than a half century he maintained an upright, blameless Christian character. He and his beloved wife were ever the warm and devoted friends of their pastors, as many an itinerant will gladly testify. During the pastorate of Rev. H. A. Spencer, Mr. Gilman was largely instrumental in building a new and commodious parsonage, to which he contributed with great liberality. These brethren who labored together so earnestly and lovingly in the erection of an earthly home are now together in the heavenly mansions.

It was the privilege of the writer and his family to be entertained in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilman during the first few days of our pastorate in Springfield, and the friendship then formed has deepened and strengthened through all the intervening years. We learned with great pleasure that they planned to spend the winter in Redlands. Our meeting was almost like that of parents and children. Not long after their arrival Mr. Gilman was attacked by acute Bright's disease. He rallied so far that hopes were entertained of his being able to return to his Eastern home, but a relapse which he suffered proved too much for his enfeebled system, and "he was not, for God took him." He came to spend a winter in beautiful Redlands; he went to enjoy an eternal spring amid the glories of the Paradise of God. We shall soon meet him there and part no more forever.

R. L. BRUCE.

Redlands, Cal.

**Hazeltine.**—Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Hazeltine was born in South Berwick, Me., Nov. 9, 1813, and died in Foxcroft, Me., March 10, 1901.

Mrs. Hazeltine was the tenth in a family of twelve children. One sister, Mrs. Moulton, who is living with her son, Capt. Isaac Moulton, of La Crosse, Wis., survives her, having celebrated her 100th birthday a few months ago.

This mother in Israel was converted in 1838, under the ministry of Rev. John Adams, a pioneer of Methodism in South Berwick. The personal experience and doctrinal teachings that then filled and satisfied her inquiring mind and longing heart continued to be her joy and portion till faith was lost in sight. She was a Methodist. The flattering tide of "Lo! heres" and "Lo! theres" that ebbed and flowed about her had no charms for her. She knew whom she had believed. She had found rest for brain and soul. Her anchorage was sure and she knew it.

Her mind remained clear and bright even to the end of her 87 years of life. The peace of God which passeth understanding preserved her mental faculties unimpaired as well as her heart young and her faith steady.

She married Timothy Hazeltine, July 10, 1842, who, after thirty-three years of married life, died Aug. 14, 1875. Five children came to bless their home: Edwin and Elsie A. died in early childhood; Augusta married Geo. W. Morgan, of Guilford, Me.; Etta M. is the widow of the late F. S. Davis, of Sangerville, Me.; and Ella M. is the wife of F. S. Getchell, whose home was honored with the presence of this good mother during her declining years. The home was sunnier and safer because of her. Her children rise up to call her blessed.

J. H. IRVINE.

**Goodnow.**—Another disciple has entered into her rest. Mrs. Ann Smith Goodnow was born in Sudbury, Mass., Jan. 4, 1823, and died in Summerland, California, March 10, 1901.

These two dates mark the limits of a very active and useful Christian life. Converted in childhood, she became an enthusiastic Methodist even before itinerants had reached her native village. In those days she drove miles to attend a Methodist meeting. In 1837 the first class was organized, and Mrs. Goodnow became a member. For years she was a mainstay of this society, always abounding in the work of the Lord. She was also active in W. C. T. U. work.

On April 25, 1844, she was married to the late George Goodnow. Two children survive—William H. and Georgia—both of Summerland, Cal.

Funeral services were held at the Sudbury Methodist Episcopal Church, March 20, and we laid her to rest in Mt. Pleasant cemetery, to await the resurrection of the just.

W. ORVILLE ALLEN.

**Carney.**—It was just fourteen months from the time when Henry Carney closed this earthly life and passed on to his reward in the heavens, that his beloved companion, Almira Carney, joined him in his song of triumph: "Forever with the Lord. Amen! so let it be."

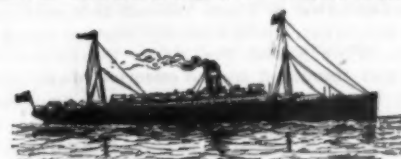
Father and Mother Carney were an ideally wedded couple, each being the supplement of the other. Twenty-nine years ago they united with the Meridian St. Methodist Episcopal Church, East Boston, and they have beautifully sustained themselves by the generous, faithful and affectionate discharge of all their duties. A few years since, as they had gone to reside in Winthrop, they took their church letters and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in that town. By their gentle bearing and devotion to the church services, they soon won the esteem and love of pastor and people; but they never lost their place in the hearts of the people in the old home church. Father Carney was buried from the church at Winthrop fourteen months since, and Mother Carney from the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Jackson, in East Boston, March 6, 1901.

Mrs. Carney's last sickness was brief and almost painless, and her departure was attended with a heavenly radiance and assurance of

**WANTED:** At once, lady or gentle man to take management of a business in their own town. No money required, or outfits for sale. Address with reference, the J. C. L. Co., 43 Fremont Ave., Dayton, O.

**WANTED:** Every lady in Boston to know and try Lunar 28. It is acknowledged to be the best female tonic on the market. J. J. Brown, druggist, 60 Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio, sold over 3,400 bottles from his drugstore alone. We want every lady to inquire how she can get a trial bottle. Don't have to pay if it don't do any good. Write today to the National Perfume & Extract Co., 234 Wayne Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

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New England, 11,600 tons, . . . May 22, June 19  
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### SUNDAY SCHOOL

### Anthem and Chorus Book

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CHARLES R. MAGEE, Boston, Mass.



joining her loved ones on the other side of the valley that was both remarkable and beautiful. At the time of their departure Mr. Carney was in his 77th year, and Mrs. Carney in her 75th year. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Three children — two daughters and a son — with their companions, will greatly miss father and mother; and the grandchildren, who have lived in the hearts of grandpa and grandma, will remember with pleasure the joyful visits at the home to which they all were so welcome. Earth is growing poorer, but heaven richer, by the removal of those we have dearly loved.

F. K. STRATTON.

**Holt.**—Mrs. Mary Ann Holt was born in Weston, Vt., Sept. 19, 1833, and died at her home on Washington St., Somerville, March 7, 1901.

Mrs. Holt came to Boston at the age of sixteen, and was married to Samuel W. Holt, July 15, 1856. She was converted and joined the church during the first pastorate of Rev. Dr. (now Bishop) J. W. Hamilton in Somerville. From the joining of the First Church she became deeply interested in its interests, and it is the general statement that no member ever labored more faithfully or efficiently for its success. For thirteen years she was the successful president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and managed the affairs of that organization with an executive talent that was remarkable. Her presidency was during the trying struggle with the heavy debt on the church property, but she did not lose her courage, and had the happy faculty of keeping the members good-natured and busy. She lived a beautiful Christian life, and maintained a steady, consistent service without any wavering. She had a kind word for everybody and an unusual gift in social circles.

Her illness was long and exceedingly painful, but she bore it patiently, and even in the days of greatest suffering her thought seemed to be of those she loved rather than for herself. She was one of the most respected women of the community in which she lived, and those who knew her best loved her most. She leaves a husband, two sons, and a daughter.

GEO. S. BUTTERS.

**Byrne.**—Rev. Benjamin B. Byrne was born at Robbinston, Me., Dec. 11, 1813, and died at Newport, Me., March 3, 1901.

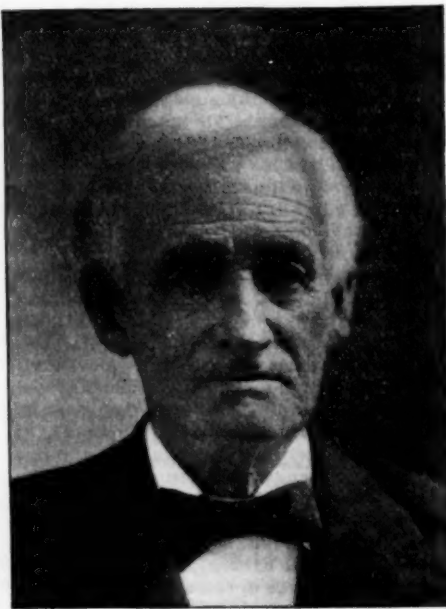
Mr. Byrne was converted at the early age of fourteen years. He was the child of a godly mother, whose prayers and instructions, together with her exemplary life, brought him to the Saviour. Soon after his conversion he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his native town, and at the age of eighteen entered school at Kent's Hill, remaining there through the required course of four years. After his graduation he engaged in the work of teaching, and continued in that vocation for several years.

In 1843 he married Miss Pamela B. Hines, and for over fifty years they passed a happy and peaceful life together. Thirteen years ago this dear companion was taken, under circumstances of peculiar painfulness, and also a beloved child, a son of promise and of hope, on whom the father expected to lean in his declining years. The Lord sustained His stricken servant. The family consisted of one son and three daughters, two of whom remain to mourn the loss of a father, whose memory must be blessed.

Mr. Byrne joined the Maine Conference in 1848, and remained in the effective ranks until 1888. He was a successful preacher, and had conversions on every charge. He helped to build up the spiritual house, and cultivated the fallow fields, and came rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him; and this he did by the direct and simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ, and by faithful pastoral service. He was an incarnation of cheerfulness. The sun always shone where he stood, no matter how forbidding the sky might appear to others. This rubicund joyousness and buoyancy of heart seemed to increase with his years, and his whole aspect and expression seemed to say: "Grow old along

with me, the best is yet to be." He showed us how old age may be, ethically and spiritually, if not physically, beautiful. The light in his eyes, the glow in his face, the jubilation of his voice, the fervor of his rejoicing spirit, when he stood on the floor of the Conference to deliver testimony, will not soon be forgotten by us.

But nature was at last brought low; he lost the power and the relish of life in the body; his spirit was imprisoned and longing to depart. In the latest days of his life, when he knew little



REV. BENJAMIN B. BYRNE.

else, he knew his Lord, and when asked where he was going would reply: "I am going to glory." Even so. "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." He is there. "Servant of God, well done!"

**Robinson.**—Rev. William C. Robinson was born in Rustletown, P. Q., June 24, 1831, and died in Milton, Vt., March 1, 1901.

When twelve years old his mother died, leaving ten children, the eldest a girl of seventeen and the youngest a baby girl a few hours old. After this he knew neither the love nor the care of a mother, as his father did not marry again. By the instrumentality of Rev. Orrin Gregg, of the Troy Conference, while in the town of Swanton, during a most gracious revival many persons were converted, among whom was Mr. Robinson, with two others who afterwards entered the Methodist ministry—Rev. A. B. Truax, of the Vermont Conference, and Rev. Dr. Farrar, of the Troy Conference. Previous to this great work being wrought in him by the Holy Spirit, being grievously burdened by a sense of sin and the wrath of God, he was determined to save himself, but purposed to be converted in such a genteel way as not to offend good taste and lower his dignity as a teacher, and was formulating a fine prayer for the time; but he soon found himself so burdened and dumfounded that he could hardly say a word, but only managed to stammer out a part of a short stanza of a well-known hymn. His proud spirit was humbled and broken, and he was made willing and glad to be saved in God's own way.

An education was no small and unimportant matter with him, and earnestly and persistently did he seek for it. For some time he attended school in Bakersfield, Georgia, Newbury, and New York State. Feeling his call to the work of the ministry, and yet knowing his unfitted state, he in company with another young man, Frederic Stowell, went to Evanston, Ill., and entered the theological school of that town. But while there, not only were his studies interrupted, but his health was impaired by typhoid fever, and the ill effects of that sickness remained with him until death.

For some time before and for one year after his marriage he taught school—in Grand Isle, Alburgh, Milton, Swanton, and Enosburg Falls. On May 12, 1858, he was married to Miss Maria E. Eldred, of Sheldon, Vt., and to them God gave seven children. Two of them—a boy and a young woman—are not, for God took them. Willie was left in Holland, Etta in Hardwick. His faithful yoke-fellow and helpmate still survives, and is in Milton, where also are one son

and a daughter. Two sons are in Chicago, and one daughter in North Troy, Vt.

The year he was married he expected to have served a charge under a presiding elder, but was disappointed, and so taught school the first year of his married life, in Enosburg Falls. In 1859 he was admitted as a probationer in the Troy Conference, at Saratoga Springs, and was stationed that year at Hyde Park and Morris-town, Vt. In 1861 he was elected and ordained a deacon by Bishop Levi Scott at Barre, Vt. From this time until 1864 he served in Waterbury Centre and Starksboro. In the year just mentioned, at St. Johnsbury, he was elected an elder, and to that office was ordained by Bishop James, on April 17. After this he was stationed in Benson, Essex, Enosburg, St. Albans Bay, and Alburgh. He was transferred to the New Hampshire Conference in 1870, and appointed to North Haverhill. In 1872 he was readmitted to the Vermont Conference and appointed to Newport, and afterwards his fields of labor were Holland and Morgan, West Concord, Guildhall, Lunenburg, Peacham, Hardwick, Sheldon, West Berkshire, and Milton. He took a supernumerary relation in 1892, and served Milton charge for that year. In 1893, and until his departure, he was a superannuate.

Mr. Robinson's strength was his weakness. He was of a strong critical mind. He could make, and did make, a nice distinction in thought and word, and by his expressions and remarks might be misunderstood by some; yet when he was met openly in a spirit of honesty and fairness, by good reason or God's word he in childlike simplicity immediately gave way; and while he could be harsh, yet he was very often remarkably tender. As it is with all men, some of his labors might be in vain, but they were not all so. Some were greatly blessed, one son in the Gospel being a prominent member of the Troy Conference, Rev. Delos Brooks. He was very constant and regular in his attendance on public preaching and in the social means of grace, missing only one Sabbath during the year, and that by sickness.

His end was sudden and sharp. On Friday morning, March 1, he went as usual to the barn to do his chores, but not feeling well, in a short

## The Value of Charcoal

Few People Know how Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges: they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

CANDY CATHARTIC  
**Cascarets**  
REGULATE THE LIVER



time he came into the house and took some simple remedies, and after a little rest went again to the barn to finish his work. Soon he came into the house, sat in a chair, and, being in extreme pain, called for help. His family gave him all the assistance they could. In haste the doctor was sent for, but before he arrived death had been, and Mr. Robinson had departed, not to return to us.

On the Tuesday following, the funeral services were held at his home and the church, being participated in by a goodly number of his brethren in the ministry—Presiding Elder Nutter, C. P. Taplin, S. S. Brigham, L. O. Sherburn, A. B. Enright, W. S. Smithers, G. L. Story, C. M. Stebbins, A. W. Ford, J. T. Baxendale, and Rev. H. E. Herrick, pastor of the Congregational Church in Milton. Devout men carried him to his burial place, the Milton Cemetery.

J. T. BAXENDALE.

**Packard.**—For the past fifty years the Methodist Episcopal Church at large, and the local society to which she belonged, has not had a better and truer friend than Mrs. Roxellana Packard. She was born in Brockton (then North Bridgewater), Mass., Sept. 6, 1831, and died in that city, March 10, 1901. She was married to Mr. Bradford Packard, Oct. 25, 1849. This union is interesting from a historical point of view, as well as from the standpoint from which such sketches as this are usually written. Mr. Packard is a descendant, in the sixth generation, from Governor Bradford, while Mrs. Packard (formerly Hartwell) could trace her lineage back to John and Priscilla Alden.

On June 28, 1851, she and her husband united with the Pearl St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Brockton, and for it and the cause it represents they have ever since toiled. Mrs. Packard was a woman of unwavering faith. When convinced of the righteousness of any movement, she never thought of failure. No task was too arduous for her to perform, no self-sacrifice too great for her to make for the sake of Christ and His church. Her hands and feet were never idle when work was to be done for the Master.

Her death was as beautiful as her life was useful. Conscious of its approach, she awaited its coming with joy. She made every arrangement for the funeral services, and superintended her domestic duties and kept her "accounts" until the last day. Just a few hours before she passed away, she said to her pastor: "What do you think of me? Is the time almost here?" "We are afraid it is," he replied, "but it is all right, is it not?" "Yes," she said, "my heavenly home is bright and fair, no pain nor death can enter there." When, a little later, a former pastor spoke to her in regard to the many things she had done for the church, she utterly discarded them as being of any merit, saying, "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

Her husband, their daughter, Mrs. Edith Holmes, and two grandchildren—Harry C. and Helen Bradford Holmes—survive her. They have the sympathy, not only of the church and community, but of a large circle of brothers and sisters in Christ in many places, for Mrs. Packard was well known and loved by all who met her in connection with church work.

ALBERT A. MASON.  
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**Bradley.**—Mrs. Josephine Lord Bradley, wife of John Bradley, of Cornish, Me., was born in Hiram, Me., May 9, 1839, and died in Cornish after a brief illness, March 15, 1901.

Mrs. Bradley was the youngest daughter of Jacob and Fanny Lord, of whose ten children five still survive. Nov. 29, 1866, she was married to John Bradley, with whom she shared the joys and sorrows of life until death sundered the marital bond.

Early in life Mrs. Bradley professed to find the grace of regeneration, and while still a girl joined the Methodist Episcopal Church of Cornish Village. She was a lady, quiet and unassuming in manner; a faithful and affectionate wife, a model mother, a friend who was a friend indeed. With a kind and loving heart she sought out the poor and needy and quietly

supplied their wants, giving the best she had and oftentimes that which she needed herself.

The husband and children of the home are deeply afflicted in their irreparable loss. She leaves, besides her husband, three children—Mrs. F. H. Pember, of Rhode Island; Mrs. H. C. Hussey, of Norridgewock, Me.; and Blon Bradley, the youngest and only son, now residing in Cornish.

The funeral services were conducted at the family residence by Rev. G. F. Millward of Kennebunk, assisted by Rev. T. C. Chapman and Rev. Mr. Davies, both of Cornish. Her labors and sorrows are ended, and she awaits, with a sure and certain hope, a glorious resurrection. G. F. M.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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## The Conferences

[Continued from Page 636.]

gratifying to the people that the presiding elder's family will continue to make South Manchester their home for the present.

**Jewett City.**—The *Jewett City Press* records a pleasant reception to Rev. H. E. Murkett and family at the opening of their second year of service with this church. Supper was served from 6.30 to 8 o'clock, after which an interesting program of music, readings and addresses was listened to with appreciative interest. Rev. E. M. Anthony voiced the welcome of the church and community to the popular pastor. The Epworth League presented Mrs. Murkett with an Easter lily and a hydrangea; and the Junior League presented Baby Murkett with a silver bracelet. Mr. Murkett responded in well-chosen words to the kindness of the people.

**Danielson.**—The third year of Rev. W. F. Davis' faithful leadership of this people opens with a rainbow of promise arching the sky of Methodism in this place. The church property, including the church, the old parsonage, and the land on which they stand, has been sold for \$11,000. This property, situated in the centre of the business section of the town, and close to the railroad station, was much more valuable for business purposes than for a church location. Much-needed repairs on the property have been delayed in the hope that a favorable opportunity to sell out might come, and a new church, in a central and suitable location, take its place. Pastor and people are to be congratulated that the first important step in the direction of this consummation of their hopes has been realized. It is proposed to build a brick church, with a seating capacity of about 400, to cost in the neighborhood of \$11,000 or \$12,000. It will be up-to-date and modern in every respect, and will be completed at as early a date as possible. The old church is to be vacated by June 1, to make room for a business block.

**East Woodstock.**—The pastor, Rev. Otis E. Thayer, enjoys the distinction of being the only sixth-year man on Norwich District. His people, on his return from Conference, gave him a reception which a king might covet. Although during the past winter death has made heavy inroads into the little band of membership, the faith and courage of pastor and people are "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." One person has recently joined on probation.

**East Hampton.**—Rev. D. W. Adams and family were welcomed back to this charge with a reception on the evening of May 1. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. L. H. Goff, rendered some fine selections, and the ladies served refreshments. Cordial greetings were extended on every hand, and the third year opens very auspiciously. SCRIPTUM.

## NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

## Boston District

**City Point, South Boston.**—The first quarterly conference has just been held, and was fully attended. Presiding Elder Perrin preached to a stimulating audience both in numbers and attention. A hopeful feeling pervades the church. The pastor's faith has proved contagious. The financial report for the fourth year was very gratifying. A good slice of the floating indebtedness was paid off. The help received from the Church Aid Society was much appreciated. Rev. W. A. Mayo, the pastor, is full of enthusiasm to completely remove the floating debt. The edifice is most comfortable and attractive.

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The field is large and inspiring. Mr. Mayo is worthy of generous support in his wise and energetic endeavors.

**Mt. Bowdoin.**—A reception was given the pastor, Rev. W. H. Meredith, and his wife, on Wednesday evening, May 8. Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Eldridge, Mrs. Longley, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Stiles, Mrs. Caldwell, and Miss Bradford assisted the pastor and his wife in receiving. Mrs. H. A. Sibley delivered an address of welcome, and then introduced Mr. E. W. Jordan, who served as master of ceremonies. Addresses were made by Rev. C. R. Tenny, of the Grove Hall Universalist Church, Rev. G. H. Flint, of the Central Congregational Church, Rev. W. T. Beale, of Harvard Congregational Church. The pastor responded appropriately to the many beautiful words spoken. There were solos by Mr. Chase and Mrs. Smith, while Miss Susan Meredith gave appropriate readings. Mrs. Meredith was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers. The Junior League, under the leadership of Mrs. Knight, assisted in the reception.

**Hyde Park.**—On Thursday, May 9, a reception was given to the pastor, Rev. G. F. Durgin, and wife. The attendance was very large and the occasion was full of genuine enthusiasm. The parlors were elaborately decorated. Mrs. A. L. Sheene, president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and C. A. House, superintendent of the Sunday-school, received with Rev. and Mrs. Durgin. Mr. House was master of ceremonies. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. John Galbraith, Rev. G. B. Dean, and Rev. Dr. F. H. Knight. Rev. Dr. Hoyt, pastor of the Congregational Church, gave an address of welcome in behalf of the community. The response by the pastor expressed hearty appreciation of the beautiful occasion and the kind words which had been spoken. On the first Sunday in the month five members were received by letter.

**West Quincy.**—On Wednesday evening, May 8, the church and congregation gave the pastor, Rev. J. Peterson, and his wife a cordial reception. The vestries were beautifully arranged and decorated. Mr. Jonathan Kears, superintendent of the Sunday-school, gave the address of welcome, to which the pastor made an appropriate response. Mrs. Peterson was presented with a handsome bouquet from the Ladies' Aid Society. Music and refreshments added to the general joy of the occasion.

**East Douglass.**—Rev. E. H. Tunnick and family were given a general and very cordial reception upon their return from Conference. A large company of parishioners gathered at the parsonage, and after a very pleasant evening of social exchange and music, they departed, leaving liberal material evidences of their esteem. It was a real surprise donation reception.

## Lynn District

**Revere.**—Rev. and Mrs. H. B. King were given an enthusiastic reception in the parlors of the church recently. There was a large attendance, many from other churches being present. Mrs. C. E. Clisbee, president of the Ladies' Aid Society, was in charge of the reception. Mr. Joseph Maddock spoke for the official board; Mr. G. R. Hamilton for the Sunday-school; Rev. W. S. Eaton for the Congregational Church, Rev. N. S. Burbank for the Baptist Church, and Rev. J. P. Bixby for the Associate Church. The pastor responded in words of appreciation. Refreshments were served. W.

**W. F. M. S.**—The group meeting of Lowell and vicinity, held in Worthen St. Church, April 30, proved a delightful occasion. The cheery aspect of the church, the warmth of consecrated hearts, the glowing and forceful words, and the cordial reception and hospitable entertainment, caused the visitors to forget the dreariness and rain without. Mrs. James Allen presided, in a happy manner, over the afternoon session. A Bible reading by Mrs. Annie E. Smiley; prayer

by Rev. J. F. Allen; greetings from the Conference secretary, Mrs. Hanaford; a plea for children's work by Miss Elizabeth Wood; an address by Mrs. Daniel Richards under the head of Twentieth Century Thank Offering; a letter from Madras, India, telling of the conversion of a high-caste zenana woman; a stirring address by Miss Clara Cushman; and a question-box, aptly announced as "Interrogation Points and Periods," and conducted by Mrs. Jesse Wagner, filled the afternoon with rich inspiration.

The speaker of the evening was Miss Miranda Croucher, who told her thrilling story in her usual effective way. Rev. G. H. Clarke, of Central Church, presided, and his words of hearty sympathy were cheering to the workers. Dr. G. M. Smiley offered prayer. Sweet songs by two young ladies of the entertaining church and a fine soloist from St. Paul's added to the pleasure. New members for auxiliaries and Standard Bearers were enrolled. G. G. S.

## Don't Try Mrs. Nation's Hatchet on Them — Just a Hook

Gentle spring, like the old saw "Beautiful Snow," rather "jars" you, and you feel like saying "Back Up." But then, if you are a fisherman, the springlike weather gives you that "Itchy" feeling which every follower of "Walton" has more than once experienced.

An up-country editor, who is evidently one of "them fellers," soliloquizes thusly: — "The pleasurable out-of-door life which spring will soon make possible brings different anticipations of enjoyment to all. There is no end to the many means of pleasure which comes with warmer weather, and every one has a favorite, which he or she looks forward to impatiently. But, above all, it brings the fishing season. Tackle will soon be overhauled, the old coats and boots taken from their winter's resting place, and the first trip laid out. All out-of-door sports have their devotees and merits, but none can approach the day out on the brook or pond, in the opinion of the boys, old and young. The right kind of day, an old suit of clothes, the necessary tackle, a cold lunch such as you couldn't eat in a week if at home, a pipe and tobacco to keep off the insects, and then the brook! The fish may bite well or they may seem slow, but noon comes before you know it, and in some quiet glen the lunch is produced and devoured with an appetite such as hasn't been felt for many a day. Then, when the last crumb is gone, the pipe is loaded, a new start is made. It is a busy, happy day, and not until the sun casts long shadows do we think of home. The story which must be told is made up on the way, and is all ready for the first jeering enquirer. The net result is a day well spent with dear old Mother Nature, sunburned hands and neck, a tired feeling which brings sound, healthy sleep, and — possibly — a few fish. But it doesn't much matter about the fish. We have been fishing, anyway, and had "an awful good time." And for that "awfully good time" Northern New England is the place. There are fishing places everywhere, and the pamphlet *Fishing and Hunting*, issued by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, tells you how, when and where to go fishing. Send a two-cent stamp for it.

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